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## Poetry.

For the Toledo BLADE.

### THE TWO PATHS.

BY MARY A. FORD.

Your path winds up the hillside fair and sunny,
Through flowers of fadeless bloom;
And mine, through lone, and ever deepening shadows
Of evening's twilight gloom.

Before your eyes, sweet as the shores of Eden,
Blossoms a pleasant land;
For me, the tangled wild and dreary desert,
Stretch wide on either hand.

Love, beauty, friendship, woman's dearest blessings
And fondest hopes are thine;
A sore, despairing heart forever starving,
On empty husks, is mine.

God pity us, whose feet must ever linger
By Marah's bitter streams,
Whose yearning arms but clasp the mocking phantoms
Of vain, delusive dreams.

It is because my "sins are red like crimson,"
And retribution mine,
That to *my* portion, fall life's tasteless ashes.
To *yours* the golden wine?

If I have sinned, have others, pure and blameless
Passed through the flames unscathed?
No scorch or stain upon their garments' whiteness,
Their spotless skirts unmarred?

Or, if they through long years of wrong and folly
To adverse winds have sown,
Wherefore must *I*, unblest and unforgiven,
*The whirlwind reap alone?*

Repining heart, aggrieved and heavy laden,
Be silent! *God is just*;
He heareth every prayer and cry of anguish;
Believe him, love and trust.

Oh sister young and fair, for you sweet fields of promise,
Bloss'm 'neath summer skies:
For me the path across life's dreary desert
Lone and beclouded lies.

But in the better home where falls no shadow,
That home from sorrow free,
I, now deformed, bereft, shall, clothed in beauty
Walk side by side with thee.

HILLSDALE.

## A Charming Story.

[From "Little Brothers," a collection of Stories by Fitzhugh Ludlow, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.]

### A BRACE OF BOYS.

I am a bachelor uncle. That, as a mere fact, might happen to anybody; but I am a bachelor uncle by internal fitness. I am one essentially, just as I am an individual of the Caucasian division of the human race; and if, through untoward circumstances,—which Heaven forbid!—I should lose my present position, I shouldn't be surprised if you saw me out in the *Herald* under "Situations Wanted—Males." Thanks to a marrying tendency in the rest of my family, I have now little need to advertise, all the business being thrown into my way which a single member of my profession can attend to.

I suppose you won't agree with me; but do you know sometimes I think its better than having children of one's own? People tell me that I'd feel very differently if I did have any. Perhaps so; but then, too, I might be unwise with them. I might bother them into mischief by trying to keep them out. I might be avaricious of them,—might be tempted to lock them up in my own stingy old nursery-chest instead of paying them out to meet the bills of humanity and keep the Lord's business moving. I might forget, when I had spent my life in finding their gold and polishing their graven-work, that they were still vessels for the Master's use,—I only the butler, —the sweetness and the spirit with which they brimmed all belonging to His lips who tasted bitterness for me. Then, if seeking to drain another's wine I raised the chalice to my lips and found it gall, or felt it steal into my old veins to poison the heart and paralyze the hand which had kept it from the Master, what further good would there be for me in the world? Who doesn't know in some friend's house a closet containing the worst skeletons,—the skeleton which, in becoming naked, grim and ghastly, tears its way through our own flesh and blood?

To be uncle is a different kind of thing. There you have nothing of the excitement of responsibility to shake your judgment. That's what makes us bachelor uncles so much better judges of what's good for children than their fathers and mothers. We know that nobody will blame us if our nephews unjoint their knuckles or cut their fingers off; so we give them five-bladed knives and boxing-gloves. This involves getting thanked at the time, which is pleasant; and if no catastrophe occurs, when they have grown stout and ingenious, with what calm satisfaction we hear people say, "See what a pretty wind-will the child's whittled out with Uncle Ned's birthday present!" or "That boy's grown an inch round the chest since you set him sparring!" Uncles never get stale. They don't come every day like parents and plain pudding; they're a sort of holiday relative, with a plummy, Christmas flavor about them. Everybody hasn't got them; they're not so rare as the meteoric showers, but as occasional as a particularly fine day, and whenever they come to a house they're in the nature of a pleasant surprise.

I meander, like a desultory, placid river of an old bachelor as I am, through the flowery mead of several nurseries. I am detained by all the little roots that run down into me to drink happiness, but I linger longest among the children of my sister Lu.

Lu married Mr. Lovegrove. He is a merchant, retired with a fortune amassed by the old-fashioned, slow processes of trade, and regards the mercantile life of the present day only as so much greed and gambling Christianly baptized. For the ten years elapsing since he sold out of Lovegrove, Cashdown & Co., he has devoted himself to his family and a revival of letters, taking up again the Latin and Greek which he had not looked at since *his* college days until he dismissed teas and silks to adorn a suburban villa with the spectacle of a prime Christian parent and Pagan scholar. Lu is my favorite sister; Lovegrove an usually good article of brother-in-law; and I cannot say that any of my nieces and nephews interest me more than their two children, Daniel and Billy, who are more unlike than words can paint them. They are far apart in point of years; Daniel is twenty-two, Billy eleven. I was reminded of this fact the other day by Billy, as he stood between my legs, scowling at his book of sums.

"'A boy has eighty-five turnips, and gives his sister thirty,'—pretty present for a girl, isn't it?" said Billy, with an air of supreme contempt. "Could *you* stand such stuff,—say"

I put on my instructive face and answered,—

"Well, my dear Billy, you know that arithmetic is necessary to you if you mean to be an industrious man and succeed in business. Suppose your parents were to lose their property, what would become of them without a little son who could make money and keep accounts?"

"Oh!" said Billy, with surprise. "Hasn't father got enough stamps to see him through?"

"He has now, I hope; but people don't always keep them. Suppose they should go by some accident, when your father was too old to make any more stamps for himself?"—

"You haven't thought of brother Daniel."—

True; for nobody ever had, in connection with the active employments of life.

"No, Billy," I replied, "I forgot him; but then, you know, Daniel is more of a student than a business man, and"—

"O Uncle Teddy! you don't think I mean he'd support them? I meant I'd have to take care of father and mother, and him too, when they all got to be old people together. Just think! I'm eleven, and he's twenty-two; so he is just twice as old as I am. How old are you?"

"Forty, Billy, last August."

"Well, you aren't so awful old, and when I get to be as old as you Daniel will be eighty. Seth Kendall's grandfather isn't more than that, and he has to be fed with a spoon, and a nurse puts him to bed, and wheels him round in a chair like a baby. That takes the stamps, I bet! Well, I'll tell you how I'll keep my accounts; I'll have a stick, like Robinson Crusoe, and every time I make a toadskin I'll gouge a piece out of one side of the stick, and every time I spend one I'll gouge a piece out of the other."

"Spend a *what*?" said the gentle and astonished voice of my sister Lu, who, unperceived, had slipped into the room.

"A toadskin, ma," replied Billy, shutting up Colburn with a farewell glance of contempt.

"Dear, dear! Where does the boy learn such horrid words."

"Why, ma! Don't you know what a toadskin is? Here's one," said Billy, drawing a dingy five cent stamp from his pocket. "And don't I wish I had lots of 'em!"

"Oh," sighed his mother, "to think I should have a child so addicted to slang. How I wish he were like Daniel."

"Well, mother," replied Billy, "if you wanted two boys just alike you'd oughter had twins. There ain't any use of my trying to be like Daniel now, when he's got eleven years the start. Whoop! There's a dog fight; hear 'em! It's Joe Casey's dog,—I know his bark!"

With these words my nephew snatched his Glengarry bonnet from the table and bolted down stairs to see the fun.

"What will become of him?" said Lu, hopelessly, "he has no taste for anything but rough play, and then such language as he uses! Why *isn't* he like Daniel?"

"I suppose because his Maker never repeats himself. Even twins often possess strongly marked individualities. Don't you think it would be a good plan to learn Billy better before you try to teach him? If you do, you'll make something as good of him as Daniel; though it will be rather different from that model."

"Remember, Ned, that you never did like Daniel as well as you do Billy. But we all know the proverb about old maids' daughters and bachelors' sons. I wish you had Billy for a month—then you'd see."

"I'm not sure that I'd do any better than you. I might err as much in other directions. But I'd try to start right by acknowledging that he was a new problem, not to be worked without finding out the value of *x* in his particular instance. The formula which solves one boy will no more solve the next one than the rule of three will solve a question in calculus,—or, to rise into your sphere, than the receipt for one-two-three-four cake will conduct you to a successful issue through pudding"—

I excel in metaphysical discussion, and was about giving further elaboration to my favorite idea, when the door burst open. Master Billy came tumbling in with a torn jacket, a bloody nose, the trace of a few tears in his eyes, and the mangiest of our dogs in his hands.

"Oh my! my!! boy!!!" exclaimed his mother.

"Don't you get scared, ma!" cried Billy, smiling a stern smile of triumph; "I smashed the nose off him! He won't sass me again for nothing *this* while! Uncle Teddy, d'ye know it wasn't a dog fight, after all? There was that nasty, good-for-nothing Joe Casey, 'n Patsy Grogan, and a lot of bad boys from Mackerelville; and they'd caught this poor little kloodle and tied a tin pot to his tail, and were trying to set Joe's dog on him, though he is ten times littler—"

"You naughty, naughty boy! How did you suppose your mother'd feel to see you playing with those ragamuffins?"

"Yes, I *played* 'em! I polished 'em,—that's the play I did! Says I, 'Put down that poor little pup, ain't you ashamed of yourself, Patsy Grogan?' 'I guess you don't know who I am,' says he. That's the way they always say, Uncle Teddy, to make a fellow think they're some awful great fighters. So says I again, 'Well, you put down that dog, or I'll show you who *I* am;' and when he held on I let him have. Then he dropped the pup, and as I stooped to pick it up he gave me one on the bugle."

"*Bugle?* Oh! oh! oh!"

"The rest pitched in to help him; but I grabbed the pup, and while I was trying to give as good as I got,—only a fellow can't do it well with only one hand, Uncle Teddy—up came a policeman, and the whole crowd ran away. So I got the dog safe, and here he is!"

With that Billy set down his "kloodle," bid farewell to every fear, and wiped his bleeding nose. The unhappy beast slunk back between the legs of his preserver, and followed him out of the room, as Lu, with an expression of maternal despair, bore him away for the correction of his dilapidated raiment and depraved associations. I felt such sincere pride in this young Mars of the dog nation that I was tempted at Lu for bestowing on him reproof instead of congratulation; but she was not the only conservative who fails to see a good cause and a heroic heart under a bloody nose and torn jacket. I resolved that if Billy was punished he should have a recompense before long in an extra holiday at Barnum's or the Hippotheatron.

You already have some idea of my other nephew, if you have noticed that none of us, not even that habitual disrespecter of dignities, Billy, ever called him Dan. It would have seemed as incongruous as to call Billy William. He was one of those youths who never gave their parents a moment's uneasiness; who never had to have their wills broken, and never forgot to put on their rubbers or take an umbrella. In boyhood he was intended for a missionary. Had it been possible for him to go to Greenland's icy mountains without catching cold, or India's coral strand without getting bilious, his parents would have carried out their pleasing dream of contributing him to the world's evangelization. Lu and Mr. Lovegrove had no doubt that he would have been greatly blessed if he could have stood it. They brought him up in the most careful manner, and I cannot recollect the time when he was not president, secretary, or something in some society of small yet good children. He was not only an exemplar to whom all Lu's friends pointed their own nursery as the little boy who could say most hymns and sit stillest in church, but he was a reproof even unto his elders. One Sunday afternoon; in the Connecticut village where my brother-in-law used to spend his summers, when half the congregation were slumbering under the combined effect of the heat, a lunch of cheese and apples, and the sermon, my nephew, then aged five, sat bolt upright in the pew, winkless as a deacon hearing a new candidate suspected of shakiness on a "cardinal p'int," and mortified almost to death poor old Mrs. Pringle, who, compassionating his years, had handed him a sprig of her "meetin' seed" over the back of the seat, by saying, in a loud stern voice:

"I don't eat things in church."

I should have spanked the boy when I got home, but Lu, with tears in her eyes, quoted something about the mouths of babes and sucklings.

Both she and his father always encouraged old manners in him. I think they took such pride in raising a peculiarly pale boy as a gardener does in getting a nice blanch on his celery, and so long as he was not absolutely sick, the graver he was the better. He was a sensitive plant, a violet by a mossy stone, and all that sort of thing. But when in his tenth year he had the measles, and was narrowly carried through, Lu got a scare about him. During his convalescence, reading aloud a life of Henry Martyn to amuse him, she found in it a picture of that young apostle preaching to a crowd of Hindoos without any boots on. An American mother's association of such behavior with croup and ipecac was too strong to be counteracted by known climatic facts; and from that hour, as she never had before, Lu realized that being a missionary might involve going to carry the gospel to the heathen in your stocking feet.

When they had decided that such a life would not do for him, his training had almost entirely unfitted him for any other active calling. The strict propriety with which he had been brought up had resulted in weak lungs, poor digestion, sluggish circulation, and torpid liver. Moreover, he was troubled with the painfulest bashfulness which ever made a mother think her child too ethereal, or a dispassionate outsider regard him too flimsy for this world. These were weights enough to carry, even if he had not labored under that heaviest of all, a well stored mind.

No misnomer that last to any one who has ever frequented the Atlantic Docks, or seen storage in any large port of entry. How does a store house look?—It's a vast, dark, cold chamber—dust an inch deep on the floor, cobwebs festooning the girders,—and piled from floor to ceiling, on the principle of getting the largest bulk into the least room, with barrels, boxes, bales, baskets, chests, crates, and carboys,—merchandise of all description, from the roughest raw material to the most exquisite *chose de luxe*. The inmost layers are inextricable without pulling down the outer ones. If you want a particular case of broadcloth you must clear yourself an alley-way through a hundred tierces of hams, and last week's entry of clayed sugars is inaccessible without tumbling on your head a mountain of Yankee notions.

In my nephew's unfortunate youth such storage as this had minds. As long as the crown of his brain's arch was not crushed in by some intellectual Furman street disaster, those stevedores of learning, the school master, kept on unloading the Rome and Athens lighters into a boy's crowded skull, and breaking out of the hold of that colossal old junk, The Pure Mathematics, all the formulas which could be crowded into the interstices between his Latin and Greek.

At the time I introduced Billy, both Lu and her husband were much changed. They had gained a great deal in width of view and liberality of judgment. They read Dickens and Thackeray with avidity; went now and then to the opera; proposed to let Billy take a quarter at Dodworth's; had statues in their parlor without any thought of shame at their lack of petticoats, and did multitudes of things which, in their early married life, they would have considered shocking. Part of this change was due to the great increase of travel, the wonderful progress in art and refinement which has enlarged this generation's thought and corrected its ignorant opinions; infusing cosmopolitanism into our manners by a revolution so gradual that its subjects were a new people before their combativeness became alarmed, yet so rapid that a man of forty can scarcely believe his birth-day, and questions whether he has not added his life up wrong by a century or so when he compares his own boyhood with that of the present day. But a good deal of the transformation resulted from the means of gratifying elegant tastes, the comfort, luxury, and culture which came with Longlove's retirement on a fortune. They had mellowed on the sunny shelves of prosperity like every good thing which has an astringent skin when green. They would greatly have liked to see Daniel shine in society. Of his erudition they were proud even to worship. The young man never had any business, and his father never seemed to think of giving him any, knowing, as Billy would say, that he had stamps enough to "see him through." If Daniel liked, his father would have endowed a professorship in some college and given him the chair; but that would have taken him away from his own room and the family physician.

Daniel knew how much his parents wished him to make a figure in the world, and only blamed himself for his failure, magnanimously forgetting that they had crushed out the faculties which enable a man to mint the small change of every-day society, in the exclusive cultivation of such as fit him for smelting its ponderous ingots. With the merciful blindness which alone prevents all our lives from becoming a horror of nerveless self-reproach, his parents were equally unaware of their share in the harm done him, when they ascribed to delicate organization the fact that, at an age when love runs riot in all healthy blood, he could not see a Balmoral without his cheeks rivalling the most vivid stripe in it. They flatter themselves that he would outgrow his bashfulness; but Daniel had no such hope, and frequently confided in me that he thought he should never marry at all.

About two hours after Billy's disappearance under his mother's convoy, the defender of the oppressed returned to my room bearing the dog under his arm. His cheeks shone with washing like a pair of waxy spitzenbergs, and other indignities had been offered him to the extent of the brush and comb. He also had a whole jacket on.

"Well, Billy," said I, "what are you going to do with your dog?"

"I don't know what I'm a going to do. I've a great mind to be a bad, disobedient boy with him, and not have my days lonest in the land which the Lord my God giveth me."

"O Billy!"

"I can't help it. They won't be long if I don't mind ma, she says; and she wants me to be mean, and put Crab our in the street to have Patsy catch him and tie coffee pots to his tail. I—I—I"—

Here my small nephew dug his fist into his eye and looked down.

I told Billy to stop where he was, and went to intercede with Lu. She was persuaded to entertain the angels of magnanimity and heroism in the disguise of a young fighting character, and accept my surety for the behavior of his dog.—Billy and I also obtained permission to go out together and be gone the entire afternoon. We put Crab on a comfortable bed of rags in an old shoe box, and then strolled hand in hand across that most delightful of New York breathing places, Stuyvesant Square.

"Uncle Teddy!" exclaimed Billy, with ardor, "I wish I could do something to show you how much I think of you for being so good to me. I don't know how. Would it make you happy if I was to learn a hymn for you—a smashing big hymn—six verses, long metre, and no grumbling?"

"No, Billy, you make me happy enough just by being a good boy."

"Oh, Uncle Teddy!" replied Billy, decidedly, "I'm afraid I can't do it. I've tried so often, and I always make such an awful mess of it."

"Perhaps you get discouraged too easily—"

"Well, if a savings-bank won't do it there aint any chance for a boy. I got father to get me a savings-bank once, and began being good just as hard as ever I could for three cents a day. Every night I got 'em, I put 'em in reg'lar, and sometimes I'd keep doing good three whole days running. That made a sight of money, I tell you. Then I'd do something, ma said, to kick my pail of milk over, and those nights I didn't get anything. I used to put in most of my marble and candy money, too."

"What were you going to do with it?"

"It was for an Object, Uncle Teddy. That's a kind of Indian, you know, that eats people and wants the gospel. That's what pa says, any way; I didn't ever see one."

"Well, didn't that make you happy,—to help the poor little heathen children?"

"That's just it, Uncle Teddy; they never got a cent of it. One time I was good so long I got scared. I was afraid I'd never want to fly my kite on the roof again, or go anywhere where I oughtn't, or have any fun. I couldn't see any use of going and saving all my money to send out to the Objects, if it was going to make good boys of 'em. It was awful hard for me to have to be a good boy, and it must be worse for them 'cause they aint used to it. So when there wasn't anybody upstairs I went and shook a lot of pennies out of my chimney and bought ever so much lady, and marbles, and pop-corn. Was that awful mean, Uncle Teddy?

The question involved such complications that I hesitated. Before I could decide what to answer, Billy continued:

"Ma said it was robbing the heathen, and didn't I get it! I thought if it was robbing, I'd have a cop after me."

"What's a cop?"

"That's what the boys call a policeman, Uncle Teddy, and then I should be taken away and put in an awful black place under ground, like Johnny Wilson, when he broke Mrs. Perkin's window.—I was scared I tell you! But I didn't get anything worse than a whipping, and having my savings-bank taken away from me with all that was left in it. I haven't tried to be good since, much."

We now got into a Broadway stage going down, and being unable, on account of the noise, to converse further upon those spiritual conflicts of Billy's which so much interested me, amused ourselves with looking out until just as we reached the Astor House, when he asked me where we were going.

"Where do you guess?" said I.

He cast a glance through the front window, and his face became irradiated. Oh, there's nothing like the simple, cheap luxury of pleasing a child, to create sunshine enough for the chasing away of the bluest adult devils.

"We're going to Barnum's," said Billy, involuntarily clapping his hands.

So we were; and, much as stock-up people pretend to look down on the place, I frequently am. Not only so but I always see that class largely represented there when I do go. To be sure they always make-believe that they only come to amuse the children, or because they've country cousins visiting them; and never fail to refer to the vulgar set one finds there, and the fact of the animals smelling like anything but Jockey Club; yet I notice that after they've been in the hall three minutes they're as much interested as any of the people they come to poh poh, and only put on the high-bred air when they fancy some of their own class are looking at them. I boldly acknowledge that I go because I like it. I am especially happy, to be sure, if I have a child along to go into ecstacies, and give me a chance, by asking questions, for the exhibition of that fund of information which is said to be one of my chief charms in the social circle, and on several occasions has led that portion of the public immediately about the Happy Family into the erroneous impression that I was Mr. Barnum explaining his five hundred thousand curiosities.

On the present occasion we found several visitors of the better class in the room devoted to the Aquarium.

Among these was a young lady apparently about nineteen, in a tight fitting basque of black velvet, which showed her elegant figure to fine advantage, a skirt of garnet silk looped up over a pretty Balmoral, and the daintiest imaginable pair of kid walking boots. Her height was a trifle over the medium; her eyes a soft expressive brown, shaded by masses of hair which exactly matched their color, and, at that rat-and-nicclass day, fell in such graceful abandon as to show at once that nature was the only maid who crimped their waves into them. Her complexion was rosy with health and sympathetic enjoyment; her mouth was faultless, her nose sensitive, her manners full of refinement, and her voice musical as a wood-robin's, when she spoke to the little boy of six at her side, to whom she was revealing the palace of the great show-king. Billy and I were flattening our noses against the abode of the balloon-fish, and determining whether he looked most like a horse-chestnut burr or a ripe cucumber, when his eyes and my own simultaneously fell on the child and lady. In a moment, to Billy, the balloon fish was as though he had not been.

"That's a pretty little boy!" said I. And then I asked Billy one of those senseless routine questions which must make children look at us, regarding the scope of our intellects very much as we look at Bushmen.

"How would you like to play with him?"

"Him!" replied Billy, scornfully, "that's his first pair of boots; see him pull his little breeches to show the red tops to 'em! But, crackey! isn't she a smasher!"

After that we visited the wax figures and the sleepy snakes, the learned seal and the glass blowers. Whenever we passed from one room into another, Billy could be caught looking anxiously to see if the pretty girl and child were coming, too.

Time fails me to describe how Billy was lost in astonishment at the Lightning Calculator,—wanted me to beg the secret of that prodigy for him to do his sums by,—finally thought he had discovered it, and resolved to keep his arm whirling all the time he studied his arithmetic lesson the next morning. Equally inadequate is it to relate in full how he became so confused among the waxworks that he pinched the solemnest showman's legs to see if he was real, and perplexed the beautiful Circassian to the verge of idiocy by telling her he had read all about the way they sold girls like her in his geography.

We had reached the stairs to that subterranean chamber in which the Behemoth of Holy Writ was wallowing about without a thought of the dignity which one expects from a canonical character. Billy had always languished upon his memories of this diverting beast, and I stood ready to sustain plunge headlong the moment that he read the signboard at the head of the stairs. When he paused and hesitated there, not seeming at all anxious to go down till he saw the pretty girl and the child following after,—a sudden intuition flashed across me. Could it be possible that Billy was caught in that vortex which whirled me down at ten years,—a little boy's first love?

We were lingering about the elliptical basin, and catching occasional glimpses between bubbles of a vivified hair trunk of monstrous compass whose knobby lid opened at one end and showed a red morocco lining, when the pretty girl, in leaning over to point out the rising monster, dropped into the water one of her little gloves, and the swash made by the hippopotamus drifted it close under Billy's hand. Either in play or as a mere coincidence the animal followed it. The other children screamed and started back as he bumped his nose against the side; but Billy manfully bent down and grabbed the glove not an inch from one of his big masks, then marched round the tank and presented it to the lady with a chivalry of manner in one of his years quite surprising.

"That's a real nice boy,—you said so, didn't you, Lottie?—and I wish he'd come and play with me," said the little fellow by the young lady's side, as Billy turned away, gracefully thanked, to come back to me with his cheeks roseate with blushes.

As he heard this, Billy idled along the edge of the tank for a moment, then faced about and said,—

"Praps I will some day,—where do you live?"

"I live on East Seventeenth street with papa,—and Lottie stays there, too, now,—she's my cousin—where do you live?"

"Oh, I live close by,—right on that big green square, where I guess the nurse takes you once in a while," said Billy, patronizingly. Then, looking up pluckily at the young lady, he added, "I never saw you out there."

"No, Jimmy's papa has only been in his new house a little while, and I've just come to visit him."

"Say, will you come and play with me some time?" chimed in the inextinguishable Jimmy. "I've got a cooking stove—for real fire—and blocks and a ball with a string."

Billy, who belonged to a club for the practice of the great American game, and was what A. Ward would call the most superior batter among the I. G. B. B. C., or "Infant Giants," smiled from that altitude upon Jimmy, but promised to go and play with him the next Saturday afternoon.

Late that evening, after we had got home and dined, as I sat in my room over Pickwick with a sedative cigar, a gentle knock told of Daniel. I called "Come in!" and entering with a slow, dejected air, he sat down by my fire. For ten minutes he remained silent, though occasionally looking up as if about to speak, then dropping his head again to ponder on the coals. Finally I laid down Dickens, and spoke myself.

"You don't seem well to-night, Daniel."

"What's the matter, my boy?"

"Oh—ah—I don't know. That is, I wish I knew how to tell you."

I studied him for a few moments with kindly curiosity, then answered:

"Perhaps I can save you the trouble by cross-examining it out of you. Let's try the method of elimination. I know that you're not harassed by any economical considerations, for you've all the money you want; and I know that ambition doesn't trouble you, for your tastes are scholarly. This narrows down the investigation of your symptoms—listlessness, general dejection, and all—to three causes—Dyspepsia, Religious Conflicts, Love. Now, is your digestion awry?"

"No, sir, good as usual. I'm not melancholy on religion, and—"

"You don't tell me you're in love?"

"Well—yes—I suppose that's about it, Uncle Teddy."

I took a long breath to recover from my astonishment at this unimaginable revelation, then said,—

"Is your feeling returned?"

"I really don't know, uncle. I don't believe it is. I don't see how it can be. I never did anything to make her love me. What is there in me to love? I've borne nothing for her,—that is, nothing that could do her any good,—though I've endured on her account, I may say, anguish. So, look at it any way you please, I neither am, do, nor suffer anything that can get a woman's love."

"Oh, you man of learning! Even in love you tote your grammar along with you, and arrange a divine passion under the active, passive, and neuter!"

Daniel smiled faintly.

"You've no idea, Uncle Teddy, that you are twitting on facts; but you hit the truth there, indeed you do. If she were a Greek or Latin woman I could talk Anacreon or Horace to her. If women only understood the philosophy of the flowers as well as they do the poetry."

Thank God they don't, Daniel!" said I devoutly.

"Never mind,—In that case I could entrance her for hours, talking about the grounds of difference between Linnaeus and Jussieu. Women like the star business, they say, and I could tell her where all the constellations are; but as sure as I tried to get off my sentiment about them, I'd break down and make myself ridiculous. But what earthly chance would the greatest philosopher that ever lived have with the woman he loved, if he depended for her favor on his ability to analyze her bouquet or tell her when she might look out for the next occultation of Orion? I can't talk bread-and-butter talk. I can't do anything that makes a man even tolerable to a woman!"

"I hope you don't mean that nothing but bread-and-butter talk is tolerable to a woman!"

"No; but it's necessary to some extent,—at any rate the ability is,—in order to succeed in society; and it's in society men first meet and strike women. And O Uncle Teddy! I'm such a fish out of water in society! such a dreadful floundering fish! When I see her dancing gracefully as a swan swims, and feel that fellows, like little Jack Mankyn, who "don't know twelve times," can dance to her perfect admiration, when I see that she likes ease of manners,—and all sorts of men without an idea in their heads have that,—while I turn all colors when I speak to her, and am clumsy, and abrupt, and abstracted, and bad at repartee,—Uncle Teddy! sometimes (though it seems so ungrateful to father and mother, who have spent such pains for me)—sometimes do you know, it seems to me as if I'd exchange all I've ever learned for the power to make a good appearance before her."

"Daniel, my boy, it's too much a matter of reflection with you! A woman is not to be taken by laying plans. If you love the lady (whose name I don't ask you, because I know you'll tell me as soon as you think best), you must seek her companionship until you're well enough acquainted with her to have her regard you as something different from the men whom she meets merely in society, and judge your qualities by another standard than that she applies to them. If she's a sensible girl, (and God forbid you should marry her otherwise!) she knows that people can't always be dancing, or holding fans, or running after orange-ice. If she's a girl capable of appreciating your best points and wo to you if you marry a girl who can't!) she'll find them out upon closer intimacy, and, once found, they'll a hundred times outweigh all brilliant advantages kept in the show case of fellows who have nothing on the shelves. When this comes about, you will pop the question unconsciously,—and, to adapt Milton, she'll drop into your lap 'gathered—not harshly plucked.'"

"I know that's sensible, Uncle Teddy, and I'll try. Let me tell you the sacredest of secrets,—regularly every day of my life I send her a little poem fastened round the prettiest bouquet I can get at Hanit's."

"Does she know who sends them?"

"She can't have any idea. The German boy that takes them knows not a word of English except her name and address. You'll forgive me, uncle, for not mentioning her name yet? You see she may despise or hate me some day when she knows who it is that has paid her these attentions; and then I'd like to be able to feel that at least I've never hurt her by any absurd connection with myself."

"Forgive you? Nonsense! The feeling does your heart infinite credit, though a little counsel with your head would show you that your only absurdity is self-depreciation."

Daniel bid me good night. As I put out my cigar and went to bed, my mind reverted to the causeless little Hotspur who had spent the afternoon with me and reversed his mother's wish, thinking,—

"Oh, if Daniel were more like Billy!"

It was always Billy's habit to come and sit with me while I smoked my after-breakfast cigar, but the next morning did not see him enter my room till St. George's hands pointed to a quarter of nine.

"Well, Billy Boy Blue, come blow your horn; what haystack have you been under till this time of day? We shan't have a minute to look over our spelling together, and I know a boy who's going in for promotion next week. Have you had your breakfast, and taken care of Crab?"

"Yes, sir; but I didn't feel like getting up this morning."

"Are you sick?"

"No—I don't know that; but you'll

"Indeed I won't, Billy!"

"Well,"—his voice dropped to a whisper, and he stole close to my side,—"I had such a nice dream about her just the last thing before the bell rang; and when I woke up I felt so queer,—so kinder good and kinder bad,—and I wanted to see her so much, that if I hadn't been a big boy I believe I should have blubbered. I tried ever so much to go to sleep and see her again; but the more I tried the more I couldn't. After all, I had to get up without it, though I didn't want any breakfast, and only ate two buckwheat cakes, when I always eat six, you know, Uncle Teddy. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, my dear, so you couldn't get it out of me if you were to shake me upside down like a savings-bank."

"Oh, aint you mean! That was when I was small I did that. I'll tell you the secret, though—that girl and I are going to get married. I mean to ask her the first chance I get. Oh, isn't she a smasher!"

"My dear Billy, shan't you wait a little while to see if you always like her as well as you do now? Then, too, you'll be older."

"I'm old enough, uncle Teddy, and I love her dearly! I'm as old as the kings of France used to be when they got married,—I read it in Abbott's histories. But there's the clock striking nine! I must run or I shall get a tardy mark, and perhaps she'll want to see my certificate sometime."

So saying, he kissed me on the cheek and set off for school as fast as his legs could carry him. O Love, omniverous Love, that spares neither the dotard leaning on his staff nor the boy with pantaloons buttoning on its jacket,—omnipotent Love, but, after parents and teachers have failed, in one instant can make Billy try to become a good boy!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Old Times.

From the Petersburg (Va.) Progress.

Lomax Smith, a barber in the Exchange Hotel, Richmond, is a relic of the palmy days of Virginia. We recently sat in the old gentleman's chair, and listened to his interesting gossip about old times:

"A nice collection of gentlemen, sir," said Lomax, "this Convention at Assembly Hall; many very genteel and able persons there, sir. It does me good to see again in Virginia the best people coming forward to take part in politics. And, yes, sir, there are some great men here too—scattered about among the bundles I don't know; but—excuse me, sir, turn your face a little to the left—you can't remember the convention of '29, can you? Too young? Yes, yes! Well, there was Mr. Jeems Madison, and that other gentleman, very smart but flighty, Mr. Randolph, of Roanoke, and more than I can call now. You have got big men here to-day, but bless my soul, sir, they was all giants then; there wasn't an humble individual here. Giants, sir, giants, every one."

And Lomax restrapped his razor, turned our head gently, and began again:

"And how did they come here, sir? Omnibuses, hacks? Not they! Private carriages, private servants, and every one had a square mahogany box, with silver mountings, in this were four square bottles, trimmed with vines and leaves with gold: one held old pineapple rum, one held brandy and honey—peach and honey, sir, one sherry, and one madeira. No whisky and no drinking at bars. The case was in every delegate's room, with the key put away, but,"—and here Lomax thoughtfully and suggestively drew the razor through the palm of his hand—"their constituents knew where the key was, sir. Yes, sir! And shaving then was fifty cents. No charge! Those were days. Why nothing now is as good as it was, and I can tell the reason. Ever since 1850, sir, when they got up this universal suffrage things have been going down, down, down. I never used to shave anybody then that was nobody; and now I hardly ever shave anybody that is anybody. Yes, sir, that 1850 suffrage commenced the whole thing, and now nothing is like it used to be. Why, sausage, sir, sausage! the old Virginia luxury! What is it now? It used to be made out of the choicest parts of the hog; and now you're lucky if it's hog at all, and when it is there's nothing but gristle and lean." Lomax drew a long sigh, we gently rose, and "declining the change," left the premises with the conviction that Lomax was more than half right.

"Old times! they cling, they cling!"

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The bed of the Missouri river seems to be filling up at a rate which threatens, in the course of time, to seriously affect navigation during the dry season. This year at St. Louis, where the surface of the water has been four feet and one inch above the low-water mark, the water attained by the river in 1867, there was, at the same time, only about five inches difference in the depth of the channel between these years, showing that the bottom of the river must be three feet and four inches higher than it was in 1867. So in 1856, the bed of the river was found to be two feet and three inches higher than it was ten years previous.

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Professor Curtius, the German archæologist, is about to make an archæological expedition to Asia Minor. He will be assisted by an officer of high rank in the engineers, and as it is proposed to explore some parts of the coast which are seldom visited, the Imperial Government of Germany will lend a gunboat for the occasion. Professor Adler will accompany the expedition as architect.—He has been commissioned to draw up plans for the restoration of the Church of the Knights of St. John at Jerusalem, which the Sultan presented to the King of Prussia two years ago. Professor Curtius will commence his investigations at the plain of Troy.

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A great many men would be real forces of goodness in the world, if they did not let all their principles and enthusiasm escape in words. They are like locomotives which let off so much steam through the escape valves that, though they fill the air with noise they have not power enough left to move the train. If you have got any principle, any faith, any enthusiasm, any fire in your soul, keep the escape-valves close, and let your spiritual forces move your hands in noble deeds, and make your feet run on errands mercy.

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Heliearis, the Persian executioner, offers a reward of one thousand francs for the detection of the men who took the guillotine from his house during the Communist insurrection. He intends to

# Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. P. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCT. 19, 1871.


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Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates.

### SENTENCE OF HODGE, THE DEFAULTER.

The dispatches this morning give us the sentence of Ex-Paymaster Hodge, the defaulter. He is sentenced to ten years punishment in the Penitentiary. Thus by the dread hand of justice a man who has moved in a circle of eminent respectability, the companion of gentlemen, now becomes a felon, the companion of degraded men, whom society has ostracised for their crimes. He betrayed his trusts, and violated his official oath in hope of becoming rich through gambling in stocks. Yielding to the too common vice of speculation on trust funds he finds himself made a spectacle of warning to all who are tempted to like folly and crime.

It is very sad indeed to contemplate the blight which thus falls upon his wife and family, through his misdeeds. But the law may not spare the guilty because of sympathy for the innocent and unhappy beings whose destiny is inevitably connected with his. In this world no man lives to or for himself. Hence the warning to men not to dream of getting wealth and position for their families by treading in the path of dishonesty. The warning extends further. We fear not a few wives, by their desire for show and position beyond their means, by their discontent, through social aspirations and consequent uneasiness and disappointments, tempt their husbands into dubious ways. We mean not by this to insinuate aught against the unfortunate wife of Hodge, about whom we know nothing, nor yet to accuse the women of the land unjustly. There are many more men restrained from crime and elevated in character by good women, wives, sisters and mothers, than are tempted to wayward courses. But while we say this gladly we may not shut our eyes to the fact that men are tempted by and for the sake of their families to get money by illegitimate means. The fearful fall of this man shows to all such aspiring persons how treacherous and deceitful are the ways of dishonesty.

The Administration has very promptly and properly made an example and warning of this case. Men in charge of the public moneys must learn not to consider them their own. If men lacking the requisite moral principle will seek public trusts for puposes of speculation, they must be taught the peril of so doing. Better a little with righteousness than great revenues at the cost of pain and disgrace. While the Democracy are engaged in sheltering the Tammany rogues from puishment, the Republicans are bringing recreant officials to condign punishment for their embezzlements. It is very true that this Administration is not responsible for the original appointment of HODGE. He was a legacy of the JOHNSON administration, continued in office so long as nothing appeared against him. But no matter by whom appointed, by whom recommended, or with whom connected, stewards of the nation should be held to a strict account for the handling of its money. Let the young men who aspire for public trusts ponder the suggestions of this terrible lesson.

### RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERERS.

In times of great calamity no man is at liberty to consider aught that he has as his own, nor to deny the claims of suffering humanity on any account whatever. Those who have abundance are called upon now to remember the houseless and homeless people of Chicago. But we are reminded, by the spontaneous liberality exhibited everywhere, that no exhorting is needed. Human hearts are prompting to large and liberal things. The great cities are doing nobly. But more systematic efforts must be adopted, for the work of relief must go on for days and weeks to come.

Let all remember that the day of calamity may come to the most fortunate and favored of us all. Let us now do to and for others as we would have others do to and for us when our trouble comes. And as we know the liberality which other prosperous cities are exhibiting, let us put to the credit of our city figures of which we shall not be ashamed, when comparison is made with the gifts of other places of like wealth.

☞ The insurance journal, the *Spectator*, announces that while a number of the less prominent fire insurance companies will have their entire capital sunk by the Chicago fire, the great majority of companies, and especially the leading ones, will pay their losses promptly. It would be a bad showing for the prominent companies of the country, if the burning of one city, even though it be Chicago, should render them insolvent. The calamity is unparalleled in magnitude by any similar one on record, and will be felt throughout the whole country, but the general effect will not be serious, and Chicago herself will furnish the world the most striking use of the familiar figure of the Phœnix rising from its ashes. Already the prominent insurance companies are announcing their readiness to pay, contracts are making at neighboring cities for building materials, and newspaper men and merchants are announcing that in a few days they will be under way again. A finer and much more substantial Chicago will spring up, and the city which has been an eighth wonder of the world for its magical growth, will become a double wonder for its rapid recuperation. The calamity is still infinitely less than the earthquakes which "smack their mumbling lips" over "thick-peopled cities," swallowing up not only the inhabitants and the houses, but the very ground. The ground on which Chicago stood still remains, and in a few days speculation in city lots will again be rife, and the roar of trade will be heard along Lake and Clark streets.

### LAW AND LAWYERS.

The old proverb that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," receives an illustration in the Chicago calamity. It is said that there is not a single indictment left against any accused person in Cook County, nor in the Federal Court in the city of Chicago. The rogues are in luck for once. The lawyers, however, are not so fortunate as some of their clients. There were about five hundred lawyers in Chicago, and the destruction of their libraries and papers, was general. There is not a law office nor a law library left in Chicago, except the few small duplicate libraries at the residences of the leading lawyers. There is not a paper showing that there is a suit pending in any of the six courts of record in Cook county, including the Federal Court.—There is not an indictment in existence in the county against any one, not a judgment, not a petition in bankruptcy in the Federal Courts. Even the duplicate files that the lawyers kept in their offices of important cases are all gone. A few may have escaped by being taken to the houses for Sunday or night work.

☞ Among recent English inventions is another condensing arrangement, in this case applicable to steam engines, or to engines worked with a mixture of air and steam. According to this new device, in place of a condenser and air pump being employed as usual, the exhaust steam is to let into a large condensing cylinder in which a piston works, this piston having a slight lead on the steam piston in the main cylinder. When the stroke of the condenser-piston is nearly complete, an injection valve on the side of the cylinder opens and admits water into the latter; this water, together with that resulting from the condensation of the steam, and also any air which may be present, being expelled from the cylinder through suitable valves at the return stoke of the piston.

☞ The Postal money order exchange system between Great Britain and the United States went into effect on Monday last. It is announced that under existing arrangements, remittances may be made through Switzerland to any nation in Europe except France, as that nation has already perfected postal money exchanges with these countries. Remittances may be sent to the United States in the same way.

☞ The Medical Society of the District of Columbia still refuses to admit colored physicians to membership. Self respect would seem to forbid well educated colored physicians from asking admission to such a body.

The earthquakes are dancing a modest reel up and down the Pacific Islands, and the natives seem to think that a jig will follow. Mauna Loa, in the Hawaiian isles, is giving evidence that its period of triennial labor has come about, and every one persistently believes in a coming tidal wave.

### GOSSIP.

Miss Ella Hoffman, daughter of the celebrated Governor, is said to be not only the prettiest woman in New York State, but is also very dignified, dresses with excellent effect, and is a graceful equestrienne.

A Portland, Oregon, man is proud to know that his wife has brains enough to go lecturing about the country on women's rights, but sheds bitter tears because she hasn't heart enough to stay at home and look after her four little children.

A Philadelphia woman hurls a pamphlet of dreary doggerel at "England's Last Queen." If the venerable Vic. doesn't succumb to that, she may be considered bomb-proof.

The "Memoirs of John Quincy Adams," edited by Charles Francis Adams, are in press. The book embraces Mr. Adams' diary for a period of fifty-three years, beginning with his appointment by President Washington as Minister to Holland, in 1795, covering his diplomatic service in Prussia, Russia and Great Britain, the negotiation of the Treaty of Ghent, and his Congressional and Presidential career.

Cochituate Lake, the source of Boston's water supply, has run so low this season, that the City Council went out to look at it a day or two ago. On their return, they had a banquet, of course. The connection between a reduced supply of water and an increased consumption of wine, is natural enough.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in her articles upon the wrongs inflicted upon sewing women, says: "Constant sewing is harder than farming, more debilitating than 'figuring' in a bank, and takes the roses out of the cheek and back bone out of the system with more than the facility of a Southern agent."

Fanny Fern thinks there are two sides to the matter of coming home after a summer vacation. It is all well to talk poetically about "home, sweet home," and go into ecstacies over fresh air and elbow room; but cleaning carpets, washing paint, putting things to rights, and making clothes, are very prosy, matter of fact operations which nobody likes to engage in.

It is reported that Horace Greeley has got into a muss with a Texas editor. It appears that in an agricultural essay on tobacco, Mr. Greeley asserts that fine-cut will not ripen well unless the tin foil is stripped from the growing buds early in the spring, and that plug tobacco ought to be knocked off the trees with clubs, instead of being picked by hand. This, the Texas editor says, was nonsense.

From all parts of France come reports that the railways are unable to transport the goods. This results from the vast accumulation of productions that could not be moved during the military operations, and from the extensive destruction of railway rolling stock. The government has partially opened the coasting trade to foreign flags. The railway companies are making great efforts to supply their rolling stock by importation and by home manufacture.

Martha Walker, a young English woman, recently undertook to climb the famous Matterhorn, in the Swiss Alps, over 14,700 feet high, and was upon that occasion accompanied by her father, aged sixty-five. The daring feat was successfully accomplished, although the Matterhorn is one of the most difficult of all the Alpine peaks to ascend. Miss Walker had previously climbed Monts Blanc, Rosa, and other famous mountains with little fatigue.

John G. Whittier headed the list of anti-Butler delegates, from Amesbury, to the Massachusetts Republican Convention.

Gen. Hancock told an interviewer, who asked him if he wished to be President, "that there is no man in the country to-day who could afford to ignore such a gift coming from the people."

In Washington city, the other day, a man overloaded his cart and attempted to make the horse pull it up a steep grade. Failing in this, after a lavish use of whip and reins, he tied a small rope about the horse's tongue and attempted thus to force him to drag the load. The horse was totally unable to perform the task, and so great was the pain inflicted by the cord that he fell to the ground bleeding profusely at the mouth. For this barbarous act, the P. C. A. Society took the man in hand, and the court let him off with the moderate fine of $50.

Fifty thousand dollars' worth of animals, not belonging to the city, are now in the New York Central Park, at the risk of the owners. So many animals have been offered the Department of Parks for free board during the winter that the offer of one large menagerie-owner has been refused.

Paris has for many years had a street railway, or, as they call it there, a "Chemin-de-fer Americaine," and now the system is to be extended.

A Fond du Lac paper says: "A sportsman asked a farmer the other day if there were any prairie chickens out his way. He replied he thought there was; he had seen one last haying time, and each day since there had been from six to a dozen sportsmen and dogs after her; at last accounts the old hen was ahead."

Joaquin Miller, the poet who is just now turning the heads of people, is said to resemble N. P. Willis somewhat. Not much above the medium height is he; slight, pale, stooping, and with a timidity in his very step which is almost painful. His voice is thin, low, slightly hesitating, and suggests a tendency to consumption. His head is handsome, and his sunny hair grows low down over a broad forehead.

A Terre Haute paper makes this interesting statement: "If the party who plays the accordion in this vicinity at nights will only change his tune occasionally, or sit where we can scald him when the engine has steam on, he will hear something to his advantage."

An importer of coffee in New York publishes a letter in which he states there has been a considerable falling off in the production of coffee this season. The three principal coffee regions are Brazil, Java and Ceylon. The Brazilian crop has declined form 480,000,000 to 200,000,000 of pounds, and the Java crop from 170,000,000 to 100,000,000 of pounds. Of the Ceylon crop there is no accurate data. He adds that there is no lack of supply felt, but that the ultimate effect of these deficiencies has already been discovered throughout the world by a rise of price.

John Dixon, the founder of the flourishing town of Dixon, Illinois, is the only survivor of a band of twelve young men, who in 1830, in New York, formed the Young Men's Bible Society, the first Bible Society in this country or in the world.

The people of Yankton, Dakotah, are trying to get up a diamond excitement. The *Dakotian* of the 7th says a rough diamond was found on the bank of Jim River, which was sent to a jeweler in the east, who sends back the cheering news that it is a diamond and very valuable of the first water.

The geological formation of Iowa and Nebraska is identical; the Missouri river does not divide geologically the States of Nebraska and Iowa, but any formation found on one side of the river can be traced with certainty to the other side, provided the same rocks and petrefaction are found.

The profits of the milk business in Boston are said to be enormous. One contractor is stated to have realized $75,000 in ten years, and could now dispose of his contracts for $30,000 additional. Even the poor milkmen who drive from door to door in the gray of the morning, are compensated for cold fingers and blue noses by the handsome profits they make, $100 bonus per can being the price usually received by the party selling out his route. At this rate, a milkman selling 100 cans would realize the round sum of $10,000.

In Kansas a wife who purchases personal property from her husband in good faith and for a sufficient consideration, is in equity the owner of that property.

The only French prisoners of war who now remain in Germany are those who have been condemned by the civil or military courts to a term of imprisonment on account of crimes or misdemeanors. The Carlsruhe *Zeitung* hears that the Emperor has commanded a report of all such cases to be drawn up. In consequence of this the Minister of Home Affairs has issued orders to all the prison authorities to furnish lists of the Frenchmen detained in the institutions under their care.

Caviare, a dish prepared from the roe of the sturgeon, is a Russian delicacy, and one hard to get in this country, but under the pressure of the impending royal visitation from that country, the New York restaurants are stocking up with it.

General Butler's Dutch Gap Canal, which at the time of its construction was derided and looked upon as a ridiculous undertaking, has proved to be an enterprise of great practical benefit. It is now used in the navigation of James River, and shortens the water route to Richmond seven miles.

Upon one of the Lagoon Islands of the Pacific was recently found a citizen of the United States, having (more fortunate than Robinson Crusoe) a family, and some native dependents, in all numbering twenty-seven souls.

The recent gales which have proved so disastrous to shipping on the English and Irish coasts, have extended to the continent, with some damage to crops, vineyards, &c. The telegraph lines have also been prostrated in many directions. Communication with Paris and the principal cities of Germany is not, however, seriously interfered with.

William H. Seward, who has just completed a trip around this mundane sphere, says "Americans are the fashion now all over the world."

New York State spent last year $9,905,514 22 in supporting her common schools.

Miss Lucy Ames, of Washington Territory, now in San Francisco, is 17 years old, weighs 417 pounds, and is four feet three inches long, and five feet four in circumference at the shoulders.

The man who first made britannia metal in this country, is still at work in the same place where he commenced the manufacture, in Hartford, Conn., sixty-seven years ago. His name is T. D. Boardman.

Queer notions of pastime some of those old German commanders have. Some one of them said to his men, lately; "Now, my children, we can once more get to work. The pastime of war is at an end, and drill must go on regularly as heretofore."

There seems to be no end to the eccentricities of English will-makers. Under a bequest made in March, 1615, a sermon is preached in one of the churches in London every year at the beginning of August, to commemorate the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

In every State in the Union, except Kansas, a mother has no legal control over her children.

The women voters in Wyoming number two thousand, and not one of them at present holds any office in the Territory.

Tell a fellow he "uses the truth with penurious frugality," when you want to imitate in a mild way that he lies—under a mistake.

The ladies who were elected to the London School Board, gave such general satisfaction that those who formerly bitterly opposed the movement are now its warm friends.

### Progress of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., the financial agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad, furnish the following gratifying facts regarding the prosperous progress of this enterprise:

The track is now about completed across the State of Minnesota, 250 miles, the grade being wholly finished, and the track layers approaching the Red River at the rate of three miles a day. Regular trains are running over the completed sections.

In the latter part of September contracts were let for the construction of the Dakota division, extending 200 miles westward from the crossing of the Red River to the crossing of the Missouri, in central Dakota. This division is to be finished by the first day of July next, and 50 miles are to be graded before the beginning of winter. In the meantime, a section of 65 miles is under construction between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, where track laying is rapidly progressing.

It will be remembered that the Northern Pacific Company last year purchased both the Main Line and Branch of the St. Paul and Pacific Road. Within the last three months, the Main Line has been completed, through a noble country, to the Red River at Breckenridge. Contracts were last week let for the continuation of the Branch, from its present terminus, at Watab, on the Mississippi River, 70 miles northward, to Brainard, where it will join the trunk line of the Northern Pacific. Finally, contracts have been let for the construction of a branch road from St. Cloud (75 miles north of St. Paul,) to Pembina, on the British border, a distance of 375 miles. This line is to be completed within fifteen months of the present time. It will drain the richest portions of the Red River Valley, open direct communication with the British settlements of Winnipeg and the rich Saskatchewan Basin. It will also serve as the southeastern arm of the Northern Pacific Road, reaching to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and thus connecting with Chicago and the trunk lines to the east.

The completion of these contracts will give the Northern Pacific Company, at the close of next year, 900 miles of road in the fertile and prosperous State of Minnesota; it will carry the trunk line of the great thoroughfare nearly one-third of its distance across the continent, and will bring to the Northern Pacific Road the large and profitable traffic of Montana, and the government transportation of the upper Missouri.

It is anticipated that this business alone, without waiting for through trade, will meet the interest on the cost of the financial portion of the Road. The Hudson's Bay Company has already leased docks and warehouses at Duluth, preparatory to doing the whole of its immense business over the Northern Pacific line.

Settlers are occupying the lands along the route with surprising and gratifying rapidity.

About the first of January next, nearly two million acres of the finest lands in Minnesota, will be placed in market by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and the proceeds of their sale will be used to purchase and cancel the Company's 7-30 Bonds. The Company's lands in Minnesota will much more than pay the cost of building the Minnesota Division of the road, and their sale will be repaid—indeed, many thousand acres have already been sold to actual settlers, in advance of being offered. The Company's lands west of Minnesota, through Dakota, prove to be of superb character, and will speedily come into market.

Owing to the rigid economy and perfect integrity with which all departments of the enterprise are managed, and the great reduction in cost of material within the last few years, the cost of construction and equipment proves to be considerably less per mile than the original estimates. For example, locomotives which cost $19 000 each when the Union and Central Pacific roads were built, are now sold at $12 000; best American rails, which during the war sold at about $100 per ton, now cost the Northern Pacific Company only about $70 per ton; right of way, and stone and timber material, which are usually large items in the cost of a new road, are furnished to the Northern Pacific gratuitously from the government domain. The bearing that this greatly diminished cost of construction must have on the value and security of the Company's 7-30 Bonds, will be apparent to any one.

The money is being furnished for the early completion of the Northern Pacific Road by the now rapid sale of its First Mortgage 7-30 bonds. Their absorption by investors has been very rapid during the last three months, and at the present rate of increase of sales the Company will soon be enabled to reduce the rate of interest on the remainder of its loan, or advance the price of the 7-30 bonds above par. These bonds have established their character as a first class security, good evidence of which is the fact that they are being largely taken as an investment by many of the Savings Banks of New England, and conservative monied institutions of other States. Since the success of the United States five per cent loan, very many holders of Five twenties have taken advantage of the favorable opportunity to exchange their Government bonds for Northern Pacifics, at a large profit. These exchanges are increasing in volume in all parts of the country.

Steadily, and with even greater rapidity than was anticipated by its projectors, this great thoroughfare is advancing across the continent, opening as it progresses the finest belt of undeveloped country in America. Every phase of the enterprise is in the most satisfactory condition, its complete success was long since assured, and its early completion is now a certainty.

## Chicago.

### An Eloquent Description from an Eye-Witness.

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—The following eloquent and truthful description of the fire has been furnished by a gentleman who participated in the work:

No one but an eye witness can form an idea of the furious power of the fire fiend as he reveled among the palatial buildings and warehouses on the South Side, with the wind blowing a hurricane at times. It seemed but the work of a moment for the fire to enter the south ends of buildings fronting on Randolph, Lake and Water streets, and reappear at the north doors and windows, belching forth fierce flames, which often licked the opposite buildings; and then the flames, belching from the buildings on both sides of the street, would unite and present a solid mass of fire, completely filling the street from side to side, and shooting upward a hundred feet into the air above the house tops in their mad career.

Thus was street after street filled with flame and fire, and the exultation of the fire fiend was given vent to in a roar which can only be equalled by combining the noise of the ocean, when its waters are driven in a tempest upon a rocky beach, with the howl of the black hurricane. Huge walls would topple and fall into the sea of fire, without apparently giving out a sound, as the roar of the fiery element was so great that all other sounds were swallowed up, and the fall of walls was only perceptible to the eye and not to the ear. If our readers will call to their minds the fiercest snow storm in their experience, and imagine the snow to be the fire, as it surged hither and thither before the fury of the fiend, they will be able to form a faint conception of the flames as they raged through the streets of our doomed city. Many of the buildings situated along South Water street, buried their red hot rear walls in the water of the river, into which they tumbled, with a hiss like unto nothing earthly, throwing up a billow of water which would gradually subside until other walls would fall over.

The heat was so intense at times from some of the burning buildings, that they could not be approached within one hundred and fifty feet, which accounts for the manner in which the fire worked back, often against the wind.

The fire, after reaching the business blocks on Randolph and South Water streets, leaped the river to the North Side in an incredible short space of time, and thence among the wooden buildings on that side reached the lake shore, after touching block after block of happy dwellings with its fierce blast. A scene of more powerless effort to fight an enemy was never presented than that of the people trying to combat the fire fiend. The combat was not of long duration, for the people bowed their heads in anguish of spirit, and suffered the fiend to have untrammelled sway, and well and thoroughly has he done his work. Nothing of the past history of civilized nations chronicles any efforts of his, to which this present one can be compared. So is all future time, the great Chicago fire, when mentioned, will bring to the heart of its participants a pang of anguish, to future generations a simile of everything that is frightful and terrible.

While there are a great many instances of generous devotion on the part of rich and poor, in dividing with the destitute, there are painful instances of selfishness. One man was trying to remove valuable papers from an office, and asked two firemen to help him, which they refused unless he paid them $50. The papers were destroyed. Drivers of express wagons have taken $100 and even $500 for an hour's use of their vehicles in getting distressed people away.

Among the sad accompaniments of the calamity was the sight of hundreds of men and boys in beastly intoxication on the streets of the North Division, where the saloon keepers' stock was turned into the street and furnished a convenient opportunity for the gratification of slavish propensities. There can hardly be a doubt that many of these poor wretches found their death in the flames, from which they were too helpless to escape. One poor man had crawled for refuge into a water main lying in a street near the Water Works, but the fire found him even there, before he got his body wholly in safety, and robbed him of his life.

The Herald reporter furnishes the following:

Women and children are going around the burnt districts, vainly seeking something to satisfy their hunger. They ask for relief, but there is none to give them. No one has provisions or money. What provisions there were in the city are now burned or eaten, and some few people have enough to last them for a day, not longer. Provisions have arrived from Detroit, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and St. Louis, and are being distributed as fast as possible.

Twenty-three dead bodies have been taken to a station on the North Side. At the present time it is impossible to know who they are.

As night comes on, the want of gas is keenly felt. There are but few candles in the city, and no water except what is got from the lake. Very grave fears of outrages by thieves on the West Side, are felt on every hand. Gen. Sheridan, who has been a hard worker all through the fire, is still asking for troops from different points, to keep order. All business and work is suspended, and every one is intent on securing, first, something to eat, next, shelter.

The suffering on the North Side is heartrending. Men, women and children, 50,000 of them are huddled together like so many wild animals, and in other places 17,000 Germans and Irish praying for relief; helpless children asking for bread, and heart broken parents, who know not which way to turn or what to say, with nothing to do but await the distribution of supplies, which at least must be a slow proceeding, as there are parts of the burnt districts over which it is almost impossible to travel; women in the pains of childbirth, and patients who have been moved from beds of sickness to save lives that at best were nearly spent, all exposed to the rain of last night and the cold raw winds of to-day.

Several deaths have occurred in Lincoln Park, and three women have brought children into the world, only to die. There are people who, in the bitterness of their souls, ascribe the calamity to God's judgment. A German said to me: "This is a second Sodom and Gomorrah, and the curse is on it." Another night must be spent in Lincoln Park, and the brick-fields at Division street, and yet another and another.

Each train and all extras are loaded to their fullest capacity, taking people away, who in many instances have no place to go, yet cannot stay here; and every train is obliged to refuse five times as many as they take. Every precaution is taken by the authorities to guard the people to-night, and if morning comes without robberies, murders, or a renewal of the fires, they may thank God and go forward with courage.

### Fires in Michigan—Whole Towns Burned—Fearful Loss of Life and Property.

DETROIT, October 11.—News from Sanilac and Huron counties, in this State, is of the most distressing character. All that portion of the State east of Saginaw Bay and north of a point forty miles above Port Huron, has been completely swept by fire. A number of lives are ascertained to have been lost, and the probabilities are that we have not heard the worst.

The flourishing villages of Forestville, White Rock, Elm Creek, Sand Beach, and Huron City are entirely destroyed. Rock Falls and Port Hope are partially burned. Nothing has as yet been heard from Port Austin or Port Crescent, but it is hardly possible that they escaped. At all these towns were stores filled with winter stocks; extensive saw mills, shingle mills and docks covered with lumber, all of which are swept away. It is said there is but one dock left on the shore above Forestville.

A steamer which left Port Huron last night for the relief of the sufferers, returned this evening, bringing back some forty men, women and children, five of whom are severely burned. The revenue cutter Fessenden, which started for Port Austin, picked up a sail boat on the lake, containing Mr. Isaac Green, principal owner of Forestville, together with his family and eighteen or twenty others, who had escaped the flames at Forestville.

The telegraph operator at Forestville, who it was feared had perished, has been heard from, he having escaped through the fire into the country. All telegraph offices along the shore, have been destroyed, but communication will be restored as soon as the damage to the lines can be repaired.

Five children are known to have perished near Rock Falls. R. B. Hubbard, at Huron City, shot all his fine horses and cattle to prevent their perishing by fire. He loses very heavily, having had a large store, mills, docks, &c. The extensive property of Stafford & Haywood, at Port Hope, is about the only one that escaped.

Five thousand dollars was subscribed to night for the relief of the sufferers of this State.

The light rain of yesterday seems to have greatly abated the fires throughout the State; and it is believed the worst is passed. There is scarcely a county in the State but what has suffered more or less from fire, and the loss will amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The damage to pine lands is incalculable.

Saginaw City only escaped destruction through the determined efforts of her citizens, who fought the fire back. The town of Bridgeport was only saved from destruction by a shower of rain yesterday morning.

Senator Chandler's barns on his farm near Lansing were burned yesterday, together with several fine horses.

At the town of Holland on the east shore of Lake Michigan, the flames made a clean sweep, scarcely a building being left. The suffering people were promptly cared for by the Mayor and citizens of Grand Haven. Professor Charles Scott, of Hope College, perished; also a minister, name not ascertained.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10.—The election is quiet in most wards. In the fourth and fifth the colored voters complained of intimidation, and the police were changed by the Mayor.

LATER.—Serious riots have broken out in the southern part of the city. Four or five men have been killed, and twenty-five wounded. Three brigades of militia have been ordered to the scene of the troubles.

LATER.—The trouble first commenced between white and colored men at Eighth and Fitwater streets. A crowd was drawn together by the report of a fight, and numbered nearly 1 000 persons. A shower of paving stones was thrown into this assemblage, and immediately the fight commenced in earnest. Pistols were used, and a number of men armed with bright, new muskets, charged upon and fired into the crowd. The battle continued as the crowd passed up Eighth street to Lombard, down Lombard to Seventh, down Seventh to South, and through South to Sixth street. Courts and alleys were swarming with men, who fired upon each other. While the fight in Lombard street continued, a number of colored men, armed with muskets, came out of an alley just below Seventh street, and charged upon a squad of police officers, and being beaten back, retreated into a tavern, taking up a position at the second story windows. From this position they fired a volley, which was spiritedly returned, and for ten minutes, the neighborhood resounded with reports of firearms, while missiles, paving stones and bricks were flying through the air.

Chief of Police Mulholland was present during the riot, and did his best with the small force of men he commanded to quell the disturbance. He did not succeed until over two hundred shots were fired, a score of persons wounded, and four men killed. Half a dozen men were shot in Lombard street and carried off by their friends, but how seriously they were wounded can't be stated. Chief Mulholland succeeded in restoring order, after taking the ringleadars of both parties into custody.

The fire is attributable by those who watched its origin to the ill treatment of colored voters at Eighth and Fitwater streets, and more or less at all the polls in the 4th and 5th wards.

SALT LAKE, Oct. 9.—Brigham Young, accompanied by a number of Elders, appeared at the court this afternoon and was held to bail in $5,000 to answer. He passed through the crowd from his carriage up stairs to the court room alone. Many hats were removed, and other expressions of respect shown, but no shouts of noisy demonstrations. His appearance before Judge McKean was in a quiet, dignified way, but he seemed evidently very feeble. The officers of the court showed him all kindness, providing a large, easy chair and keeping the crowd at a distance.

The counsel of Brigham first put in a plea of abatement, which was overruled. The next movement was to quash the indictment on the ground that the indictment, in enumerating sixteen separate charges, was defective, in alleging that he lasciviously cohabited with sixteen different women. During the argument on the question, Brigham retired.

Hemstead, for the defense, will continue speaking to this motion to-morrow.

Everything is quiet to-night, although multitudes of exciting rumors are in circulation. In the event of conviction, there may be trouble, but scarcely if otherwise.

There is considerable excitement this morning in anticipation of the appearance of Brigham Young in court, at 10 o'clock. The court room is densely crowded, and hundreds of people are in the street about the building. About 11 Brigham drove up in his carriage, but did not alight, his counsel having obtained a postponement until the afternoon, owing to the supposed unsafe condition of the building with such a great crowd in it.

The Mormon legion assembled in the tabernacle last evening, but the proceedings were not made public.

### Paris Two Hundred Years Ago.

A letter written by Jacques Sanguin, provost of the merchants of Paris, to Henri IV., gives a not very flattering but probably very truthful account of the French Capital and its inhabitants in the year 1592. "It contains," he says, "two kinds of population, one very different from the other, both in mind and heart. The true population, born and bred in Paris, is the most intelligent; while the other, Sire, is the offscouring of all France. Every town in your provinces has its sewer which conveys its impurities to Paris. For instance, a girl goes wrong at Rouen. Forthwith she takes the coach and comes to Paris to conceal her shame. She brings forth a little being and the Parisian feeds it though it is the child of a Norman; and every one cries out against the licentiousness of Paris. If a man has stolen at Lyons, he comes to Paris to hide from the police; as there is no trade here so lucrative as that of a thief, he pursues his calling with the greatest success. If he is caught, this is what happens: The Parisian who has been robbed has to support the Lyonnese who has robbed him, and every one in the provinces says, 'Paris is the place for robbers.' If a man from Marseilles has committed a murder, Paris is his refuge and his impunity; and if he kills any one else—a Parisian, that is to say—the people in the provinces say, 'There are more assassins in Paris than all the rest of France.' It is time, Sire, that this were brought to an end. The town of Paris must no longer be the hostlery of the thieves and sluts of your provinces. Let energetic laws cast this scum out of the town, so that the Parisian stream may resume its purity and transparency."

THE COMING REPUBLIC IN ENGLAND.—A London correspondent of the New York *World* introduces an account of an interview with Mr. Charles Bradlaugh as follows:

"I fear the crisis will come too soon. I am strong enough to-day to pull down the monarchy, but I am not strong enough to erect on its ruins a republic. In five years from this time I shall be strong enough to build up as well as to pull down, and my hope is that the hour of action may not be unwisely hastened."

The man who spoke to me these remarkable and startling words was Chas. Bradlaugh, and the scene was the library in his house, in the East End of London. If Mr. Bradlaugh be not deceived, in five years the republic of Great Britain will have been established, and President Charles Bradlaugh will be at its head. The Presidential residence, I suppose, will be Buckingham Palace; and I am quite serious when I say that Mr. Bradlaugh, in person and in mind, is much more like a king of men than any monarch who has ever dwelt within the ugly walls of that pile of brick and mortar. I remember years ago in Washington I used to see a wonderful man known as "Long John Wentworth," of Illinois. He was nearly seven feet high; he had a noble head, and a face that spoke volumes. He was one of the stock of New Hampshire Wentworths, who trace back, without a flaw, their descent from Stratford and his royal line. Well, Mr. Bradlaugh reminded me very much of "Long John Wentworth;" he is not quite so tall, but the shape of his head, the expression of his face, the curious light that flashes from his eyes, and the whole manner of the man seemed to me wonderfully like a reproduction of the Illinois Representative. I am sorry to say that I don't know whether "Long John" is alive or whether he has been gathered to his fathers; if he lives, he need not feel annoyed at being thus likened to this Englishman who believes that he is to be the Cromwell of 1879.

A hygienic reformer proposes to stump New York city the coming winter with a lecture on the numberless afflictions traceable to the use of carpets. He attributes lung diseases and maladies of the eyes to the impalpable particles arising from these luxurious floor cloths, and maintains that floors set in "marqueterie" are both handsomer and more healthful than the Brussels or Turkey fabrics.


BLOOM OF YOUTH
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION
AMERICAN LADIES.

A good complexion is one of the chief points of beauty, which all women have a natural and laudable desire to possess, and, to aid in procuring or preserving this much of comeliness, various preparations have been in use among the softer sex since the earliest times. The Greek origin of our English word cosmetic was applied to any preparation designed to improve the complexion, by rendering the skin soft, smooth and white.—Among the Romans there was a class of slaves (cosmetæ) whose special duty it was to dress and adorn their mistresses, including, as their name implies, the artistic application of the cosmetics. The employment of these artificial aids to beauty has therefore the sanction of antiquity; and when they are skillfully prepared, of simple and harmless materials, there seems to be no serious objection to their use in due moderation. Of the great number of modern preparations for this purpose, we know of none which combines so many of the essentials of a perfect cosmetic, as the BLOOM OF YOUTH, prepared by Mr GEORGE W. LAIRD, of New York. Its fragrance renders it a delightful addition to the toilet, while it tends to preserve the beauty and complexion and repair the ravages of time and exposure; it removes all tan, sunburn or freckles, and can be applied without fear of any injurious effects.

Sold at all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

BLOOM OF YOUTH
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

[Dec 8-y1(10)]

## OUR CABINET.

### Origin of the Word Bogus.

Bogus is a corruption of the name of one "*Borghese*," a very corrupt individual, who, many years ago, or more, did a tremendous business in the way of supplying the Great West, and portions of the Southwest, with a vast amount of counterfeit bills, and bills on fictitious banks, which never had an existence. The Western people, who are rather rapid in their talk, when excited, soon fell into the habit of shortening the Norman name of Borghese to the more handy one of "*Bogus*"; and his bills, and all other bills of like character, were universally styled by them "bogus currency." By an easy and not very unnatural precess of transition, or metaphorical tendency, the word is now occasionally applied to other fraudulent papers, such as sham mortgages, bills of sale, conveyances, etc.

### A Fasting Phenomenon.

In a village near Preston, there is a woman named Ann Riding, residing with her aunt, afflicted with a total loss of appetite; indeed for sixteen months she has been unable to take any food at all, and according to all the recognized laws of nature ought to have long since passed away. She still, however, exists, and has been attended by several doctors, none of whom have been able to give her substantial relief. For the last six months' remedial operations have been abandoned, her aunt, who seems to be a sensible old lady, entertaining the idea that "the Almighty has to do with it," and that it is useless to incur expense for medicines without any hope of cure. It is a comfort to reflect that the invalid, under these painful circumstances, can be no source of expense to her relatives, who are described as "humble, honest people," making no 'show" of the case, which is hardly known in the district. It is the duty of every one not to crowd to the spot for the purpose of satisfying a morbid curiosity by gazing on the sufferer, to whom and her relations every apology is due for the publication of the case. The patient herself is evidently resigned to her lot, for although "frequently asked if she will not have some food she always refused it." Under these circumstances all that can be done is to let her remain quiet.

### Anvils.

In a deserted shop in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, there rests on its block an anvil that has done duty for more than three hundred years. It is as sound to day as it was in 1633, when Eltweed Pomeroy, after welding for the Stuarts the ponderous horseshoes of the same style and pattern that his ancestors had made during generations for the Tudors and Plantagenets, grew weary of taxes without law, and work without wages, and anvil in hand sailed far the new world. A deft workman, he throve in the settlements, and left his anvil as an heir loom to his descendents. They show you in the Tower of London the anvil on which the sword was forged that Richard *Cœur de Lion* used in his contest with Saladin, and at the collection of Pompeian excavations in Naples there is an anvil, certainly older than the Christian centuries, which, of precisely the shape we use, had evidently done service for stalwart workmen of many generations before the city was buried. But, better still, in the Egyptian room of the British Museum, there is a veritable anvil of the Pharaohs. It is older than Rome, older than Greece, older than Jerusalem; as old as the days of Abraham, and probably in existence when the patriarch was come into Egypt, and the Egyptians beheld Sarai that she was very fair." It is just like a modern anvil, made apparently in the same way, weighing about seventy-five pounds, and sound as it was when first struck by the hammer thirty centuries ago.

### The Ardennes Dog.

The dog of the Ardennes accompanies the flock when it leaves the penfold in spring, only to return when the winter's snow drives the sheep home again for shelter. Each shepherd possesses one or two of these dogs according to the size of his flock, to act as sentinels. Their office is not to run about and bark and to keep the sheep in order, but to protect them from outside foes. When the herdsman has gathered his flock in some rich valley, these white, shaggy monsters crouch on the ground apparently half asleep; but now and then the great sagacious eyes will open, and, passing over the whole of their charge, remain for a while fixed on the distant horizon as though they followed a train of thought which led them away from earth—so sadly do they gaze into the infinite. But let the mountain breeze bear to his ever moving nostril the scent of the hated wolf, or his quick ear detect an unknown noise; then is the time to see one of these dogs in his glory. His eyes become black with fierceness; his hair stands erect; his upper lip becomes wrinkled, showing a range of white, formidable teeth, while a low growl alone escapes from his throat. When his keen faculties have detected the whereabouts of his foe, he rushes forward with a bound that overleaps all obstacles, and a bark that echoes from all the surrounding hills. Every dog of the like breed that may be near, takes up the note and rushes gleaming through the brushwood to join in the attack. Tender as the childhood he protects, woe to him who dare lift a hand on one of the little ones with whom he has been brought up. It is not he who buys him who is his master, it is he who fed him when a pup, who petted and shared his pittance with him—he it is who has his love, and who reciprocates his faithful affection.

### Snuff-Taking.

Snuff, originally introduced as a medicine, speedily became better known as a luxury, and the gratification of a pinch was generally indulged in Spain, Italy and France, during the early part of the seventeenth century. It was much patronized by the clergy, a patronage which led to the anathema of Pope Urban VIII, 1624, against any person who took snuff in a church. In *Le bon Usage du Tabac en Poudre* (Paris 1700.) the author says it is "the passion of prelates and abbes; the religious community generally are fond of it; and in spite of the Pope and his ordinance, the Spanish priests will not scruple to take their snuff boxes in the altar for their use. It is, however, to the courtiers of Le Grand Monarque that we owe the introduction of luxuriously scented snuff and costly snuff boxes. Strange to say that monarch entertained a strong antipathy to tobacco in any form, and strove to discourage the use of snuff, by insisting upon his *valet de chambres* discontinuing its use upon their appointment. One of them, the Duc d'Harcourt, is said to have died of apoplexy, in consequence of giving up this practice, in which he had previously indulged to a large extent. The King's daughters were no enemies to tobacco, and had private snuff boxes; indeed the fashion became so general in France that a snuff-box of elegant material was a part of the toilet of a beauty of ton. In these, its early days, snuff was made by rubbing a roll, or *carotte* of tobacco upon a brass grater, then fixes in all snuff boxes; the thus powdered weed was then scooped up in a small spoon or shell, placed upon the back of the hand, and so snuffed up the nose. The popularity of snuff in England was much increased after the great plague, which added a great impetus to the consumption of tobacco. When William succeeded the throne, it was considered the thing to have a taste in snuffs, and like at boxes every description was displayed, and all the beaux carried elaborate canes with gold and silver bulbous heads, that snuff might be conveniently inhaled through the perforations, as they strolled about the town.

### Our Savior's Death Warrant.

Among the manuscripts which were probably burned in the conflagration of the Archiepiscopal Palace at Bourges, in France, the most remarkable was, without doubt, the order for the execution of Jesus Christ, which was the personal property of the family De la Tour d'Auvergne. The order runs thus: "Jesus of Nazareth, of the Jewish tribe of Juda, convicted of imposture and rebellion against the divine authority of Tiberius Augustus, Emperor of the Romans, having for this sacrilege been condemned to die on the cross by sentence of the judge, Pontius Pilate, on the prosecution of our lord, Herod, Lieutenant of the Emperor in Judea, shall be taken to-morrow morning, the 23d day of ides of March, to the usual place of punishment, under the escort of a company of the Prætorean guard. The so-called King of the Jews shall be taken out by the Stunean gate. And the public officers and the subjects of the Emperor are directed to lend their aid to the execution of this sentence.

(Signed,) CAPEL.

"Jerusalem, 22d day of the ides of March, year of Rome 783."

### A Musical Mouse.

Who has not heard and read a thousand times the pathetic story in the school readers of musical mice—not musical in any executive sense—but merely lovers of music; lovers with such intensity of devotion as to make them voluntary martyrs. They listened and died. We have now to record an advanced era in micedom. The time of mere passive appreciation in music is past in mouse history. A mouse no longer hears music and dies; it makes music and lives. Some days ago, a lady residing on Walnut Hills, a Cincinnati suburb, heard strange music, like the suppressed singing of birds, in her cellar. Her efforts to find out the source were baffled. It moved about, now in one place, now in another. Her husband looked and listened, but could give no clue to the mystery. Just as they were becoming fit subjects for conversion into the belief in spirits, or ghosts, or both, the husband caught sight of the mouse about where he thought he heard the strange noise. The little animal was secured alive, placed in a cage, and soon proved its musical powers by beginning its song. His singing is not loud, but sweet and tender, with very rapid intonations like the twittering of a whole flock of birds. He does not open his mouth to sing, but seems to have a way of producing music without using that organ. He can sing and eat at the same time; but his great delight is to get into the little cylinder attached to his cage and sing while he runs at full speed, whirling the cylinder as adroitly as the most practiced pet squirrel.

### Paris Fashions---Fall and Winter Styles.

A Paris letter of the 15th of September to the New York *Herald* says:

As a rule winter and fall costumes include a polonaise as a jacket, or a casaque as a cape, made of the same material. Nevertheless, everybody will insist on having a black out-of-door something and anything. This eclecticism in a matter of mantles is the cause of a great deal of hideous dressing; for to humor it mantle makers have got to contrive paniers that will not crease, whatever they go through; and when a lady traveler opens her trunk "an elegant mantle" is sure to decorate the top of her baggage, and it is about as sprightly looking an etcetera as sprigs of parsley on salmon, besides being as useless. A full dress article of this kind, that can not be worn on everything, is a velvet polonaise, quilted and lined with mauve silk. It forms overskirt and bodice in one, as it did when original Poles skated through cracoviennes with more spirit than they do now. Only it is looped up elaborately with artistic loops and tassels and trimmed with lace.

The black corded silk redingote, or Franklin coat, is made with tails, flaps, and deep pockets, also a gentlemanly vest in front. It is wonderful how this overcoat changes a woman. There are many different ways of wearing it, too. It it is trimmed with spirals or black or white lace, which fall over the wrist, round the pockets, down the front and tails, it is obvious that a lady with an eye-glass on and half-top boots, scarcely any width of petticoat, and a chimney-pot hat, will look neither like a man nor a woman. If she turns back the tails she will look like one of the Line with a good march before him. If she wears the tails parted behind she will look like an elderly party who is always warming his shins at the parlor fire.

These positions are all false. Those who can not resist a Franklin should wear it *a la* Vicar of Wakefield—in a straightforward, fatherly style, and above all things, should put very few essentials in the tail pockets. It is as much out of place to see a lady dive down behind for her smelling bottle as it would be to see a clergyman in the pulpit produce a fan from under his canonicals. The newest fashion of all—and it can be full dress or demi-toilet, according to the selection, made of material and trimming—is the sleeveless jacket with overcape. It is braided immensely. The cape is open down the back, therefore the handsomest part of these "collets" is behind. In this fashion, with her usual perception, ogly turns a cold shoulder to the spirit of the times, which is backward. In other respects she takes the lead. She is doing this very largely in a peculiar drab serge, in which a great deal of flax is mixed with the wool, to prevent that clinging, adhering effect which is objectionable in the daily walks of life and when the wind blows. It makes up very richly. It is worked with two harmonious shades of drab and mouse gray, a floral pattern being preferred, especially white thorn and myrtle, the blossoms whitish drab. A bodice and overskirt and "collet" are all that is required, the under petticoat being either claret or maroon, dark grass green or black corded silk. A deep fringe of mixed shades trims the cape. The richest demi-toilets are made of satin delaine. Some have a stripe which is as glossy as silk, on a dull ground of the same tint. Others are all satin delaine, and the prettiest are dark green chestnut. The petticoat to either of these is trimmed with a wide band of darker velvet, and the over-kirt with two deep bands, but put on circular fashion. The bodice is made with a basque, and the velvet figures a square on the bosom. Stout figures should avoid these new circular velvet trimmings. Sleeves are all pagodas, or tight to the elbow, and are made with a flounce. Light poplins are much worn on bright colored petticoats; checked silk petticoats are worn under basqued bodices, and overskirts to these are made of the darkest shade in the pattern.

Crescents and rolls, flat plaitings and flounces are the trimmings for all under petticoats. Some of these flat crescents reach above the knee. Water-proof shawl costumes, with border and fringe, but particularly the lattice or trellis fringe, woven in the material, are very much in vogue. The preferred shades are wolf, bear, lion's mane, fox and other fierce reminiscences. The lightest shades are worn for demi-toilets and brides' traveling dresses; white, with black fringe and basik velvet, are very elegant; steel, slate, silver gray are no less appropriate.

Moses A. Dow pays the largest individual tax in Charlestown, Mass., the figures being $7,700 this year. He made his money in the Waverly Magazine.

## ANOTHER NEW YORK HORROR.

### A Demoniac Mother and a Brutal Brother-in-Law---Debauched and Driven to Suicide.

[From the New York Sun, Sept. 30]

Yesterday Coroner Shannon, of Yonkers, began an investigation into the causes of the death of Johanna Castles, who is supposed to have been poisoned. Her dying declaration to Mrs. Depue and Mrs. Schultz, neighbors who attended her, implicated her brother-in-law, Cornelius Chambers, her brother James, and her mother, Anna Castles. The girl was but fourteen years old. It is charged that the mother aided in forcing the daughter into adultery with her brother-in-law, and that to clear himself of the inevitable result, he and Mrs. Castles connived at either getting the girl out of the way, or of connecting her in a criminal manner with certain young men.

On Thursday night Mrs. Castles knocked her daughter down and endeavored to beat her. In this she would have been successful but for her son James, who interfered and choked her to unconsciousness. When she recovered her faculties her mother threatened to shoot or poison her before the month was out.

On the next day she told her married sister Martha of her husband's crime, and that he and her mother were endeavoring to fasten the result on some one else, and had threatened her life in case she did not submit to their programme; she said that she would save them the trouble of poisoning her, as she would do it herself. She added that she had procured an ounce of arsenic, and that Cornelius had given her the money to buy it with, and had begged her to poison herself for his sake, and she intended to do it. Finally, after much persuasion, she promised to desist, and Martha thought no more of the poisoning until Saturday afternoon, when she was called in to witness her sister's death This is the story Johanna todl to Mrs. Depue.

The girl's remains have not yet been disinterred. Yesterday was spent in looking up testimony. The post mortem examination will not take place before Monday.

Johanna told Dr. Stewart, who was called to attend her, that she had taken an ounce of arsenic because her mother had threatened to kill her, and because of trouble, the nature of which she declined to state, with Chambers. Jellicker & Lane, druggists, say that she bought the arsenic of them.

[From the Pomeroy Telegraph, Sept. 26

### Wife Murder Near Pomeroy, O

A terrible domestic tragedy occurred on what is known as the Hopkins farm, situated on the West Virginia, a mile below Letart Falls, on Thursday last. The particulars of the affair, as we gather them from reports of parties conversant with the matter, are as follows: Mr. Richard Pickens, who, with his wife and family, has been residing on the farm, during the temporary absence of his wife from the house, took occasion to chastise a son of hers, born out of wedlock before his acquaintance with her. It appears that the mother returned in the midst of the difficulty, and immediately interfered to save her son from further injury, when her husband turned upon her and, as is supposed, kicked her in the side, causing her death within a few minutes. Pickens claims, we hear, that she caught him by the hair, and that he only sought to push her away from him, and that it was her violence more than his own that wrought the injury that caused her death. The wife was *enceinte*, which will account for her death from so slight an injury. To add to the horrors of the scene, a little daughter of the deceased, on learning of her mother's fate, attempted to commit suicide by cutting her throat with a knife.

We hear that the Coroner's jury which sat in the case returned a verdict to the effect that the woman's death was the result of accident. Whether that will end the matter remains to be seen.

This is the second death by violence that has occurred on the same farm.

### Romantic Marriage in New Hampshire.

Of the preliminaries of a marriage about to be celebrated in Exeter, N. H., a correspondent of the Boston *Times* gossips thus: Some months ago, a gentleman residing in Illinois wrote to an official in the youngest city in New England, stating that he was desirous of procuring a good wife; that he had heard so much of the excellence of the daughters of the Bay State, he was fully persuaded they would make the best of wives, and he requested the names of a few Haverhill ladies. The official, satisfied of the good standing of his correspondent, promptly forwarded to him the names of a few ladies, to each of whom the would-be Benedict dispatched a letter, requesting an answer, with a view to further correspondence, if mutually agreeable. One of the answers he received was from a native and resident of this town, who at the time was in Haverhill "teaching the young idea how to shoot." Here was a well-worded, straight forward epistle, and the recipient was at once impressed with the intelligence and good sense manifested by the writer. A correspondence ensued, which as it progressed served to strengthen the favorable opinion each had formed of the other; photographs were exchanged, and, to make a long story short, an engagement of marriage was entered into, and the gentleman is expected here shortly, when he will return to his western home with his singularly won bride. The lady is well educated, of spotless reputation, and possesses all necessary qualifications to make happy the home of her husband, who is a gentleman of integrity, culture, and wealth, and well provided with the goods of this world. He is largely engaged in mercantile pursuits.

"But this is not a solitary instance of an Exeter lady contracting marriage under such romantic circumstances. A few years ago one of our factory operatives was commended to a gentleman residing in San Francisco, as a person likely to make him a good wife, by a mutual friend. He wrote to her, a correspondence was opened, and in a short time they were betrothed. Being unable conveniently to leave his business to come on here, the gentleman sent his fiance a check for $500, with which she procured a bridal outfit, and started alone for San Francisco to marry the man she had never seen. Their nuptials were celebrated soon after their arrival, and the union has proved a most felicitous one."

The Hon. Wm. H. Seward and party have arrived at New York on the steamship Java from Liverpool. The revenue cutter Northerner, with Mr. Seward's sons Frederick and William, Hon. E. B. Morgan, of Cayuga, Mr. Carpenter, of Auburn, and a large party of friends on board, met the Java down the bay, and took Mr. Seward off. He proceeded to the residence of Hon. Frederick H. Seward, near Peekskill. He will remain there for a short time and then proceed to Auburn. Mr. Seward is looking remarkably well, and with the exception of not having full use of both arms and hands, is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

The check or change system has been introduced on the Iowa Central Railroad. Persons who pay fare on the train do not receive their change from the conductor, but he gives them a check for it, which is redeemable at any of the station offices of the company.

### Handwriting.

Many people laugh at what is called "graptomancy," or the art of judging characters by handwriting; and yet all acknowledge that handwriting does indicate something. Every one allows a difference between a man's and woman's hand; we hear people speak of a vulgar hand, a gentlemanly hand, a cerkly hand, &c. "I had once," said Archbishop Whately, "a remarkable proof that handwriting is sometimes, at least, an index to character. I had a pupil at Oxford whom I liked in most respects greatly; there was but one thing about him which seriously dissatisfied me, and that, as I often told him, was his handwriting; it was not bad as *writing*, but it had a mean, shuffling character in it, which always inspired me with a feeling of suspicion. While he remained at Oxford I saw nothing to justify this suspicion; but a transaction in which he was afterwards engaged, and in which I saw more of his character than I had done before, convinced me that the writing had spoken truly.

"But I knew of a much more curious case, in which a celebrated 'graptomancer' was able to judge of character more correctly by handwriting than he had been able to do by personal observation. He was on a visit at a friend's house, where, among other guests, he met a lady whose conversation and manners greatly struck him, and for whom he conceived a strong friendship, based on the esteem he felt for her as a singularly truthful, pure minded, and single-hearted woman. The lady of the house, who knew her real character to be the very reverse of what she seemed, was curious to know whether Mr. —— would be able to discover this by her handwriting. Accordingly, she procured a slip of this lady's writing (having ascertained he had never seen it) and gave it him one evening as the handwriting of a friend of hers whose character she wished him to decipher. His usual habit, when he undertook to exercise this power, was to take a slip of a letter, cut down lengthwise so as not to show any sentences, to his room at night, and to bring it down with his judgment in writing the next morning. On this occasion, when the party were seated at the breakfast table, the lady whose writing he had unconsciously been examining, made some observation which particularly struck Mr. ——, as seeming to betoken a very noble and truthful character. He expressed his admiration of her sentiments very warmly, adding at the same time to the lady of the house, 'Not so, by the way, your friend,' and he put into her hand the slip of writing of her guest she had given him the evening before, over which he had written the words, 'Fascinating, false, and hollow-hearted.' The lady of the house kept the secret, and Mr. —— never knew that the writing on which he had pronounced so severe a judgement was that of the friend he so greatly admired."

### New Method of Bookkeeping.

Some time since a barber was brought before the police court at Paris, charged with having customers in his house after midnight. The examination was thus reported:

Barber—It is the fault of this person, Merlon, who is in the court, as he has not time to be shaved until late at night.

The President—You ought not, at all events, to disturb the peace; there were cries issuing from your house, as if you were committing murder.

Merlon—He was shaving, that's almost the same thing. [Laughter.]

The President—Was it you then, Merlon, who was crying out as if you were being flayed?

Merlon—Yes, in fact he was flaying me [a general laugh,] he was cutting me horribly.

Barber—It is very true, but I made a mistake.

Merlon—Did you mean to cut me?

Barber—I do not say that. [Prolonged laughter.] I certainly did not mean to cut him so deep. [Loud and continued laughter.]

The President—Did you then cut him on purpose?

Barber—Indeed I did, in the spirit of my order You understand, one does not like to be below his business.

The President and Merlon together.—And why?

Barber.—The whole affair is this: Mr. Merlon is not to be trusted, as he does not pay the ready money. He used to cheat me in the number of shaves for which he owed me; when he had twelve he used to say he had only six, so I lost both my razor, my soap, and my time. At last I devised a method of keeping a reckoning not to be disputed.

The President—How was that?

Barber.—Every time I shave him I make a notch in his cheek, [general laughter,] when we count up I look at his cheek—so many notches so many shaves; [renewed laughter,] but the other day the razor turned in my hand—I made the figure too large and it was this that made him cry out and disturb the neighborhood.

Amidst general laughter the barber was condemned to pay the full penalty, and the President advised him to renounce in future his "new system of keeping accounts."

### The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Few poems in our language, or in any language, have been so widely popular as Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," which several generations of school boys in this country have successively got by heart since its publication half a century or more ago, and which still holds a place in the collections and selections of English poetry. Generally, we presume the poem is accepted as a faithful sketch of the incident on which it was founded, and yet the truth is that it is scarcely accurate in anything except the general fact that Sir John Moore in compliance with his own request that, if killed in battle, he should be buried where he fell, was interred on the rampart of the citadel of Corunna. The second stanza—

"We buried him darkly at the dead of night,
The rods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning"—

is utterly and even absurdly incorrect. The burial took place between eight and nine o'clock in the morning; and, in a fortress like Corunna, spades and pickaxes were, of course, abundant, and there was no need to use bayonets instead. Nor is it true that—

"Few and short were the prayers we said"—

on the contrary, the whole funeral service of the English Liturgy was read by the chaplain with the solemnities usual in England. There was, in short, no hurry or confusion about the funeral, for the French were defeated at all points, and the English held undisturbed possession of the town for at least twenty-four hours after the burial. In one point, however, the poem is accurate:

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,"

for no coffin could be procured, and the body was wrapped in the hero's military cloak.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated has an engraving representing the front veranda of a handsome New York residence. The characters are Miss Jones, the young lady of the house, and a nobby-looking young man, with eye-glasses and sore whiskers, wearing the aprons and carrying the implements of a glazier, to whom Miss Jones says: "My dear Andy, I can not consent to marry you while you are nothing but a poor glazier." Andy: "Poor glazier, indeed! I'm a millionaire! I've just got the job of putting in a pane of glass in the Controller's office!"

## FABER'S TALKING MACHINE.

### A Wonderful Piece of Mechanism Exhibited in New York.

From the New York Times.

In 1841 Prof. Faber exhibited a machine which could utter a great number of sounds and words, but it was by no means perfect. His nephew took up the machine his uncle had failed in perfecting, and completed it. After exhibiting before all the crowned heads and scientific societies of Europe, he has brought it to this country, and yesterday gave an exhibition of it in private. The machine, which stands on a small table, consists of a complicated arrangement of rubber tubes, reeds, keys, pedals, strings and wires. The lungs are represented by a small pair of bellows, the glottis by reeds and pipes of different sizes, the lips and tongue by pieces of India rubber. Beneath the table is a pedal by which the bellows are worked, and on the right hand side a series of keys, on which are marked the letters O, U, I, E, L, R, W, F, S, B, D and G. With these and some supplementary arrangements, all sounds used in the European languages can be enunciated. There is also an arrangement resembling the key board of a piano, by which the machine can be made to sing. Every portion of it is open to view, so that no deception is possible. Yesterday the machine, under the deft hands of Mrs. Faber, enunciated distinctly all the letters of the English and German alphabets, numerous long and most difficult words, such as "Constantinople," "Politzka," "Mississippi," "Radetzky," "hurrah," and then darted off into long sentences in English, German and French, winding up with a laugh of the most natural kind, followed by hisses, groans and murmurs. Every word proposed was pronounced at once without the slightest hesitation. Of course some words were more clearly enunciated than others, but the majority were given far more clearly than the majority of human beings pronounce them, and even the nasal twang which French people often adopt was closely imitated. In Professor Faber's machine the motions of the mouth and tongue imitate precisely those of human beings. Different keys or tones can be given by proper manipulation of the pedals. Taken altogether, the "talking machine" is a wonderful specimen of man's ingenuity. Whether it can ever be anything more is doubtful. It cannot be applied to any practical purpose, unless, indeed, dumb or weak nerved and feeble-voiced individuals should choose to purchase them and use them as mediums through which to address the public.

Professor Faber, we believe, intends to exhibit his machine in public as soon as arrangements can be made for that purpose. The singing portion of the machine not being in order yesterday, we were unable to determine what merit the invention possesses as a vocalist.

### FOR WOMEN.

One of the girl graduates of the Princeton (Ill.) High School is now driving team, hauling brick for her brother.

The women voters in Wyoming number two thousand, and not one of them at present holds any office in the Territory.

The Empress of Germany has contributed to a fund established by the author Auerbach for the education of Jewish orphans.

"Women, wake up!" exclaims the *Revolution*, and an indolent rural editor adds: "Yes, and turn out and make a fire and put the tea kettle on."

The ladies who were elected to the London School Board give such general satisfaction that those who formerly bitterly opposed the movement are now its warm friends.

A Nashua girl, after studying law for a year, has made application for admission to the Harvard Law School. This is the first case of the kind at the Law School, and is receiving due consideration.

A Salt Lake letter states that at the last election three girls whose faces would belie them if they were more than 14 or 16, and aliens at that, were led to the polls and instructed by Mormon bishops how to vote.

The Princess Metternich longs for Eugenie, who was for years her only formidable rival in dress. There are no men worth dressing for and no women to dress against. And yet the Princess is a clever woman and might find relief against the *tedium vitæ*.

Mrs. General Butler and Mrs. Senator Ames are both earnestly in favor of female suffrage. To them is given the credit of converting their husbands. A proof that woman suffrage will make husband and wife of one mind, which they notoriously are not under the present system.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in her articles upon the wrongs inflicted upon sewing women says: "Constant sewing is harder than farming, more debilitating than 'figuring' in a bank, and takes the roses out of the cheek and backbone out of the system with more than the facility of a Southern Illinois ague."

A girl, forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said—"Oh, dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."

The *Congregationalist* remarks that new departures are visible in many directions. We note, with particular interest, the disposition of churches to employ ladies to assist pastors in such duties as may suit their tastes and talents. "Assistant pastors" they are sometimes called, and sometimes deaconesses. The name is not so important. The fact is to be commended.

How modest girls are corrupted at the watering places is thus told by a correspondent: "Our girls have sharp eyes and nimble perception. They see the sensible high necks going to the wall, pushed aside by favorite belles, who do not wince at a liberal display of neck and bosom. These never go unattended, and are engaged many deep for all the dances."

In France, says a correspondent, a woman has no remedy when a man promises to marry her and doesn't. At first sight this may seem a little cruel, but practically it has the effect of doing away with what are called engagements, and there being no engagement there is no breach. A man and woman meaning to be married marry at once, and there's an end to diplomacy.

The Princess Mary, of Holland, is said to be five years the senior of her new husband, the Prince of Wird, to whom she brings a vast fortune as a compensation for her superior age. She had determined to live and die a maid until she met the Prince, when she changed her resolution in an instant. She is reputed to be an excellent musician and an accomplished cook, and what is more remarkable, to have made her own wedding cake.

The East Pennsylvania Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, recently in session, passed a set of very strong resolutions denouncing woman suffrage in unmeasured terms. They declare that the present movement for female suffrage is a reform against nature and the Bible, and contemplative of the duties to power of the household; that "the one cry for woman's rights" has been espoused by "a few strong-minded women of coarse minds and unnatural sentiments and appearance;" that political equality "would be prejudical to the true and dignified influence of woman;" and "that this claim to political suffrage is repudiated by the majority of the sober and thoughtful of that sex."


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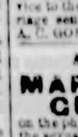
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# Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, SEP. 19, 1871.


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### THIS WEEK'S BLADE.

We ask the special attention of every reader to the merits of this week's BLADE as a general Family Newspaper.

The charming story, commenced on our first page, entitled, "A Brace of Boys," is of itself worth more than a year's subscription.

Then Parson NASBY gives us one of the best letters he has written for a long time. By special invitation the venerable Parson went over to the New York State Convention, and tells us in his graphic style all about the inside doings of that interesting body.

DR. MILLER'S letter on the question, When to go West? is one of the most interesting and valuable of his western letters, and may save those who think of emigrating serious losses and disappointments.

Our account of the terrible fire in Chicago is very full and complete, as is also our summary of general news from all parts of the world.

The editorials on topics of general interest are, as usual, clear, forcible and conclusive.

The Answers to Correspondents, and the Questions and Answers in our Agricultural Department, are full of rare and interesting information to all classes of readers.

Add to these our Young Folks' Department, Humorous Department and General Miscellany, and you have about as full and rich a bill of fare as it is possible to get on one sheet of paper.

Reader, if you like it do us the favor to recommend it to some neighbor who don't take it, and try and get him to subscribe.

### EFFECT OF THE ELECTIONS ON THE DEMOCRACY.

We have in these columns urged as a motive for earnest work by the Republicans that the defeat of the Democracy at the State elections would knock the hoops off the national organization, and that it must fall to pieces in consequence. The signs that the work of disintegration has begun are already before us. The associated press dispatches of this morning bring to us the following significant extract from an article which appears this morning in the St. Louis *Republican*, the leading Democratic paper of the State of Missouri. We take this paragraph from its place in the news column to make it the occasion of remark in this place. The *Republican*, after suggesting that no Democratic nomination for the Presidency and Vice Presidency be made in 1872, goes on to say:

> There is no national precedent for such a course, but the experiment is not a united one, as was the campaign in Missouri last fall. We then ask why should not an experiment that proved so successful in breaking the power of radicalism in Missouri be employed to break the power of radicalism in the Union? Why should not the whole country find deliverance from a party that is essentially proscriptive, oppressive, unconstitutional and violent in its policy, and practice in the same effective way in which a single State found deliverance? The result of the Missouri election of 1870 was not indeed a Democratic victory, but it was certainly a radical defeat, and the abolition of disfranchisement, the extinction of animosities, the restoration of concord and good will among the people, and the revival of a cheerful interest in public affairs and on local enterprises which followed that defeat are consequences which vindicate the wisdom of the experiment in Missouri, and at least suggests its repetition on a larger scale. It thinks the adoption of this policy would divide the Republican party, and that the liberal element in that party would nominate a candidate in opposition to Grant whom the Democrats could support, and the result would be a majority of Democrats and Liberals in Congress, which, while differing materially from a Democratic victory, would be an inestimable improvement on the present order of things.

The *Republican's* article is simply the death rattle in the throat of the National Democratic party. As a national organization the Democratic party is *in articulo mortis*. The more practical and far-seeing members of the party are compelled to acknowledge the fact.

The *Republican* says that such a movement as it proposes, namely, the disbanding of a great national party is without precedent. This is not correct. The Federal party—the one which elected the two first Presidents, gave up its national nominations after the second election of Mr. MONROE to the Presidency. The Whig party ceased to make national nominations after 1852, when Gen. SCOTT was defeated. The elections of this year have admonished the anxious watchers over the couch of the expiring party that its end is nigh, and only three days after the elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, the leading organ of the Democratics in the south west announces that its party is doomed to become extinct.

This is a result which we expected as well as labored for. But the death of the party is to be made the occasion for the gathering together of all the disappointed and disaffected elements of both the dead and the living parties in the hope of being able to make a political combination strong enough to overcome the mighty and vigorous party which has so bravely fought the battles of the Union and freedom. The *Republican* suggests as the starting point of this movement the abandonment of the Democratic name and organization. The "new departure" movement in the States which held elections this year was in the direction of this ultimatum, and hence this significant announcement is evidently made by authority and is indicative of the shape the politics of the future will take.

The leaders of the Democracy have become convinced that neither Governor HOFFMAN, nor any other Tammany candidate, can succeed in the next national contest. Whoever may be the next President, they concede that he must be wholly free from any taint of sympathy with the traitors who led in the treason of 1861. No leader, however discreet, of the party which opposed the war can hope to be elected President. HOFFMAN, PENDLETON, HENDRICKS, and all that class of politicians, must prepare to follow and not lead in the proposed opposition party of the future. These men, so far as their ultimate hopes are concerned, will be compelled to lay themselves on the funeral pyre upon which the remains of the defunct party shall be consumed.

But whatever name that party shall take, whatever measures it may seize upon to ingratiate itself into public confidence, whoever its candidates may be, and whatever advantages as a fault-finding opposition party it may possess, it will be composed of the same elements that rule the Democratic party, and will be a party which the patriotic people of the country cannot afford to trust.

In BUNYAN'S splendid and ingenious allegory called the "Holy War," he represents that Diabolus, the leader of evil spirits, after being captured by the forces of Prince IMMANUEL, began to beg for life. He offered to swear allegiance to the Prince, to submit to be confined in prison and in chains, and even offered to keep up preaching in the streets at his own expense, if he only could stay in the town of Mansoul. So the evil spirit which has borne malevolent and destructive sway over the Democratic party offers to place himself under restrictions and limitations, if only he can gather about him a party he can inspire, and one strong enough to give him control of the country. All the strength of Tammany, with its hordes of repeaters and ballot-box stuffers, with all its peculators and thieves, will be given to the party now proposed to be formed. Into that party will be gathered all the forces of the old rebellion, and under its shelter will the chiefs of that rebellion find their way again to influence and authority in the nation. If any of these elements were submissive to the authority of the Constitution, which the present Administration, embodies they would not be so extremely bitter in their opposition to it, not so exceedingly anxious for its entire overthrow.

The Republican party will have its hands full when this new party shall be drawn up in line of battle, if our anticipations be correct. But we have no occasion for fear. Our strength is in the justice of our cause and the wisdom and fidelity which has marked our course. We must close up our ranks, heal all dissensions, and assert our principles with renewed courage and vigor. We must make sharp issues with our adversaries and defend them with pertinacious courage. The concessions which the new party must make to the malignant elements which have put the nation in such peril must be such as to cause the patriotic people of the country to distrust it and resolutely to contend against it. Let us stand for the right and the combinations formed against us in the future will be as certainly overcome as those we have fought against in the past have been.

### PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICAN.

The old Keystone State grandly maintains her place among the Republican and liberty defending States of the country. The State ticket is elected by 10,000 majority and the Legislature is Republican in both branches. Thus is shown to the world that the confidence of the people in the great party which has so wisely controlled the government, and been so nobly true to justice, the rights of man, the interests of labor, and its own pledges to the country, is unshaken. Nor does the vote in Ohio and Pennsylvania show the full strength of the friends of the Administration. In both States the vote was light. The excitement occasioned by the great fire in Chicago diverted the attention and occupied the minds of the people to such a degree that the exertion of election day was much less than usual—less effort was made than common to get voters to the polls, and consequently the vote was much lighter than we had previously reason to expect. Had the vote been as full as it will be in the year of the Presidential election the majorities in both States would have been largely above the present figures. The great States of the Union are soundly and thoroughly in sympathy with the wise and patriotic Administration of General GRANT.

We have reason for thankfulness and rejoicing that these great and noble States are so true to the cause which the Republican party is organized to maintain. The Chicago fire is a national calamity—one over which we may well weep, in sympathy with her stricken people. But a Democratic victory—as the party bearing that name is now organized and officered—we should sincerely regard as a vastly greater affliction and calamity. Better any plague that a merciful Providence may send in his wisdom than the overthrow of the great party of freedom, at this critical juncture of our history. The elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania at this time, like the battles fought by her volunteers in the war for the Union, have saved the country from great disaster and peril.

C. GERBER & Co., Toledo, Ohio, proprietors of the STAR AXE. Send for price lists, and try the axs.

### OHIO A REPUBLICAN STATE.

The Republicans of Ohio have worked nobly during the past campaign, and have set at rest all doubts as to the way our electoral vote will be cast in 1872. We have elected our Governor by a handsome majority, and also a majority of the members of the Legislature. As the returns stand at present, the Senate will stand 18 Democrats, 18 Republicans, and one Independent. The latter gentleman's vote therefore will decide the political complexion of that body. In the House the Republicans claim a majority of twelve or thirteen.

In the election of a Senator the law gives no privilege to either House to refuse to go into Joint Convention with the other, as on a day fixed the two Houses must meet, and ballot at least once every day for Senator until one be chosen. The nominee of the joint Republican caucus, therefore, will be very sure of an election.

The districting of the State will perhaps prove a matter of greater difficulty, on account of the Senate being so close. The Republicans have, however, great advantages over their situation in the last Legislature, where a tie existed in both Houses. It is claimed by some that the fact of the parties being so nearly equal in their strength will secure greater promptitude on the part of the members, a more rapid dispatch of business, and greater fairness of action on political measures. We hope such may prove to be the case in the General Assembly just elected.

### RELIEF FOR MICHIGAN.

In view of the overwhelming disaster by fire at Manistee, Mich., and at other places in that State, the press of Detroit call earnestly upon the people of Michigan to confine their donations exclusively to their own suffering people. The *Post* very forcibly says:

> The accounts of destruction by fire received from various quarters of Michigan teach us one obvious duty: "*Charity begins at home.*" Michigan has need—sore need—of every dollar her generosity can obtain. Our own citizens are houseless, destitute, ruined, and without employment, by thousands. The whole world is taking care of Chicago; *it is the bounden duty of Michigan to provide for her own suffering children.* If we do our duty in providing for our own flesh and blood, now stretching out their hands to us for aid, and having nowhere else to appeal for succor, and with a long winter close upon them, it will require every dollar we can raise, and all our exertion and care. We shall have need of at least a Million Dollars to provide for our own citizens through the winter, who look to this State for relief, and have no hope of aid from any other.

The *Tribune* remarks as follows:

> And now we say it is our duty here in Michigan to turn every gift into home channels. The suffering by the widely-extended conflagrations that have ravaged our State is just beginning to be apparent, and as the smoke clears away from the track of these devouring fires, we shall find distress more appalling and needs more urgent than any that exist in Chicago to-day, great as these confessedly are. And the cities of the country, or even of the surrounding lake region, are not going to pour their contributions into our midst to relieve this suffering and want. It will attract no attention and awaken no movement of sympathy outside of our own borders. We must help our own, and we alone.
>
> We certainly can not object to the people of Michigan remembering first of all her own suffering people. That is the obvious duty of her citizens. But we see no reason why the people of the United States should not remember the sufferers in Michigan and Wisconsin, as well as those of Chicago. We have no doubt that the country will duly remember the afflicted and stricken of every place visited by the destroyer.

True charity is thoughtful, careful and all embracing, and the benevolence of the country needs only to be apprised as to where the suffering exists, in order to direct their help to that quarter.

We may be permitted to suggest to the citizens of Northwestern Ohio in general, and of Toledo in particular, that our relationship and business intercourse with Michigan are so intimate that we are called upon by every consideration which good neighborship and humanity creates, to send a due proportion of our benefactions, without delay, to the sufferers in that State. A time like this calls for the exercise of a compassion as wide as the calamity which calls for mitigation and relief.

### WHAT THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD DO FOR CHICAGO.

The Chicago *Tribune*, in discussing some of the "visionary schemes" which are being proposed in reference to governmental relief for Chicago, makes the following suggestions as to what Congress can do in that direction:

> "There is one way in which the Government may do a substantial benefit. Let Congress at once provide for the construction of the necessary buildings in Chicago, to be of the most liberal dimensions and of the best class. If Congress will appropriate one or two millions of dollars to begin this work at once, and order their construction, it will do more to restore confidence and stimulate private enterprise than impracticable attempts to loan public money to back up stockholders in insurance companies. The fact that Congress had voted five millions to build the necessary Government buildings, would be the best tidings to the unemployed labor of the city."

### MURDER ON ELECTION DAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* of the 11th inst., gives the following account of brutal murders in that city on election day by Democratic ruffians:

> Two deliberate murders were committed in this city, yesterday, by Democratic ruffians. The victims in both cases were negroes. One of them was a Mr. Isaac Chase, who was standing quietly upon his doorstep, with his family, when a white man whose name is known, approached him and without any warning knocked his brains out. The other assassination was even more horrible. Mr. Octavius V. Catto, the principal of an excellent school for colored youth, while walking peacefully along the street was confronted by a white man, with a pistol in his hand. Before Mr. Catto could get out of the way the man, who is yet unknown, fired three shots at him, killing him instantly. This crime seems the more dreadful because the victim was in all respects a model member of his race. He had extraordinary culture, which fitted him especially for the position of an educator of young men of his own color, and he had that quality of mind and that force of character which enabled him to occupy with credit the leadership of his people which his intellectual acquirements entitled him to take. He had done good service as an aid-de-camp of General Louis Wagner, and as a superintendent of the freedmen's schools in Washington. He had won the confidence and respect of President Grant, who esteemed so highly that he offered him several foreign missions, which Mr. Catto declined. He was a good citizen, a pure and honest man, a ripe scholar and a consistent friend of the oppressed negroes. He was worth more to this community and to the world than a million such men as the Democratic politicians who provoked the riots of yesterday. He was as much the superior of any of the scoundrels who spend their lives in debauchery and crime.

### NO OCCASION FOR CROAKING.

As usual, the croakers are beginning to give forth doleful sounds of foreboding in consequence of the Chicago disaster. This was to be expected. But there is not the slightest occasion for alarm. No financial disturbance need result from the calamity, terrible as it is, unless, perchance, there should be a temporary disturbance caused by these very croakings. Fear of a panic may beget one. It has been supposed that the losses of eastern merchants and money lenders to Chicago parties would be so great as to create wide spread bankruptcy, but a few facts will show these fears to be altogether exaggerated and unnecessary.

It is estimated that the losses by the fire will foot up about one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Time will prove that estimate to be too great. But suppose that the sum should be even larger, great as it is, its loss could be borne by two citizens of New York, to leave all the other heavy millionaires of that city altogether out of the account. What effect, then, would such a a loss be, if it took effect wholly, and to the full extent of the above figures, on the capit lists of New York alone?

But the relief which from this time forward will pour in from all parts of the country will prevent the bankruptcy of a large proportion of the heavier losers. Every wealthy farmer, or country merchant, or well-to-do person who has a relative in the burnt district will send in funds at once for his help. The number of persons who will thus be set on their feet is very large.

Another fact will mitigate this dread of panic, when once considered. Eastern capitalists, in New England, and elsewhere, have taken the precaution to insure the property on which they hold mortgages in the very best eastern companies. They will, in a few days, draw out these sums from the safe and solvent companies, and will re-lend this money to the land owners of Chicago to enable them to rebuild on the now smouldering remains of their old business blocks. This will be a great help, and do much to prevent a general commercial revulsion. The stable insurance companies of the East, in which the heavier risks have been taken, will pay dollar for dollar and go right forward with business. A few eastern companies, of the weaker sort, will come to an end after paying a considerable per centage of losses. The home companies of Chicago are of course extinguished and the dead loss from this cause must be great, but not enough to make a ripple on the financial currents of the whole country.

Let there be no fears of panic. The Chicago banks have saved all their funds. As the fire broke out Sunday night it found the funds snugly put away in fire proof vaults. So far as ascertained, these safes have well preserved their treasures. All is not lost that was endangered.—The country feeds the city, at all events, and the country which has made Chicago what it is, is still rich in all the elements of wealth. The strong sections of the country can bear this burden and not feel it. There will be no panic, and there should be no talk about it. There should be shown to the unfortunate all possible sympathy, and in a few months the stricken city will rise up in renewed strength and vigor and her citizens, with their hearts made better by the sad discipline they have undergone, and their courage sustained by generous sympathy, will go forward in a prosperity which will be more wonderful than their calamity.

A BRACE OF BOYS.—We call special attention to this charming story, commenced on the first page of this week's BLADE.

☞ A special dispatch to the New York *Times*, from Washington, says that Government detectives in the South have obtained the signs, pass-words, and complete lists of the leaders of the Ku-Klux associations in the South, and plans are being matured for the arrest of the chiefs. A panic has fallen upon the order in North and South Carolina, and many Democratic politicians are trembling at the knees, especially since the conviction and sentence of one of their number to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor, in spite of his high social and political standing, and all the influence that could be brought to bear in his favor.

### REAL ESTATE TITLES.

One of the most serious losses of the Chicago Fire is the destruction of the Real Estate Records which are hopelessly gone. The *Journal* says in regard to this:

> All the records of deeds and mortgages are destroyed. This includes all the real estate not only in Chicago, but in Cook county, with its numerous suburban towns. Fortunately the abstracts of title in the office of Shortall & Hoard, Conveyancers, are known to be safe. There is great hope that when the vaults are opened at the other abstract offices, the record books which are intended to be perfect copies of every real estate transfer in the county are safe. There are several of them, and it would be strange if some of them beside the one already examined, are not safe. A leading member of the Chicago bar gives it as his opinion that the title to all the property in the county can be re-established by means of these abstracts. The Legislature will probably pass some enabling act to cover the case. As to the value of real estate, it is impossible to divine where the future business center will be. The latter will depend upon the location selected by the leading business houses which are already in consultation.

THE AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL.—The November number of this favorite agricultural paper will be the best ever issued, and the best we intend it shall be, of the Agricultural papers in the country. It will contain *twenty* instead of sixteen pages, and will be profusely illustrated. The leading illustration in the November number will be a portrait of "Harvey Bassett," the great running horse, supposed to be the fastest three year old on the continent. We send the BLADE and FARM JOURNAL to any address for $2 25, and the FARM JOURNAL and *Woolf's Household Magazine* for $1, and the three for $2 60. For specimens of the magazine, address S. S. Woon, Newburgh, N. Y. Send for the next number of the FARM JOURNAL.

THE MANHATTAN SILENT FAMILY SEWING MACHINE is so called because it is noiseless. It runs so still when at the top of its speed that a sleeping child will not be disturbed by it—indeed it may be safely operated in an invalid's chamber. The work done by the Manhattan is beautiful beyond comparison, particularly the Pearl Edging, which is an entirely new achievement of the sewing machine, and one which can be accomplished by none other. Ladies desiring information regarding sewing machines will do well to write to the agency nearest them for full particulars. See advertisement elsewhere.

### THE PESHTIGO CALAMITY.

A correspondent of the Cleveland *Herald* gives a graphic account of the sudden and total destruction by tornado and by fire which came upon the village of Peshtigo, Wisconsin, on the ever memorable Sunday night of Oct. 8th. After describing the place as a nice little town of two thousand inhabitants, with a sash, door and blind factory, a foundry, a factory for making pails, tubs, &c., and good stores, churches, hotels, etc., the writer says the neighboring pine woods had been on fire for ten days, which the people had been vigorously fighting, and then continues as follows:

> On Sunday night they were awakened from this feeling of security by a noise like distant thunder, which increased in volume until the crash of falling trees and the roar of the wind and fire could be plainly heard. Soon after a tornado burst upon the town, unroofing a number of buildings, and quickly followed by a solid sheet of flame, extending the whole length of the village and far beyond each way. In an instant the whole exposed side of the place was in flames. Men, women and children rushed into the street and, surrounded by fire on all sides, were soon either smothered or burned to death. In the less exposed portions the people fled to the river, and, jumping in many were drowned. Some saved their lives by keeping their bodies under water and once in a while putting their heads under as the heat became insufferable. Others took refuge in wells and cisterns and were saved. Quite a large portion of the inhabitants ran to a field to the leeward of the fire, and by lying on the ground were saved, although some of them were badly burned. There is but one house left standing, and that is isolated and lately built lumber.
>
> The destruction has been so complete that the streets cannot be traced, all being covered with sand which was swept in great clouds by the tornado. In some instances bodies have been found completely covered with sand.
>
> I could fill columns with heartrending incidents of this conflagration, but will only give a few as illustrative of the rest. In one instance a man took his family and fled to the bridge spanning the river. The bridge was soon on fire and the poor unfortunate family were nearly roasted alive and then jumped into the river and were drowned. A woman on seeing the fire approaching put her little girl, a child of six years, in a well which was nearly dry, and ran to the river herself for security. The woman was saved, and, as soon as she could, found out the locality, and her joy was so great at finding the little one alive and well that she swooned, and on recovering clasped her child in her arms and ran off crying for joy.
>
> Too few, alas, were so fortunate. In many cases whole families have perished. In other cases men have lost their families, they being, at the time of the fire, working to save the factories. In other instances men perished in their endeavor to save their families. In one case to which my attention was called, a little boy of seven years is the only surviving member of a numerous family.
>
> As soon as the fire had sufficiently subsided, all that were able went to the relief of the sufferers. Blackened, charred corpses were lying in every direction, with their clothing, as a general thing, nearly or quite burned off. Many dead bodies were found in the river and many more have since been recovered. A number have died from their bruises, while others are crippled or fearfully disfigured.
>
> The loss to the Peshtigo Company, who owned the factories and most of the town, besides large pine lands, is estimated at three million dollars, besides the loss of their extensive warehouses in Chicago.
>
> Menomekaunee, a town of seven or eight hundred inhabitants, is all destroyed but three houses. Fortunately no lives were lost there.
>
> Marinette is also nearly all destroyed.
>
> Business in this section is partially suspended. All the saw mills and factories at Oshkosh, Fon du Lac, and other neighboring towns are stopped by an order of the authorities.

### THE EXTENT OF THE CHICAGO CALAMITY.

The Chicago *Evening Journal* thus refers to the great destruction of the fire, as compared with great fires in other cities in the world which have occurred in the past. The *Journal* says:

> "Some idea of the fearful ravages during the Great Fire of Chicago may be entertained by comparing it with the other two greatest of fiery visitations in the history of the world—those of London and Moscow. The Great Fire of London covered 500 acres of ground, rendered homeless 200,000 inhabitants and 13,800 houses. That of Moscow burned over a space of 400 acres and destroyed 12,000 houses. The Great Fire of Chicago laid waste over 1,800 acres, upwards of 18,000 buildings and rendered about 85,000 persons homeless.
>
> As to the pecuniary loss no fire which ever occurred in the world has been attended with that suffered by Chicago, as in no city was there such an amount of valuable merchandise or so many expensive buildings destroyed. Most of our merchants had received their winter stocks of goods, none of which they were able to save. The loss in merchandise alone at this last great conflagration, will be double that suffered by London and Moscow combined.
>
> The great calamity which has fallen upon our city, as overwhelming as it is, has not broken the spirit of our citizens.
>
> With heroic courage the people at present, not thinking of their own losses, are everywhere setting to work to relieve the distresses of others. Milwaukee, St. Louis, Detroit, Toledo—in fact every village and city within reach, have already come to our relief with a generosity and promptitude, the memory of which will ever be treasured in the grateful memories of us all.
>
> But, we repeat the great heart of Chicago is not broken, nor her spirit of enterprise crushed. She will arise from her ashes, with an energy which will eclipse all her former efforts, and speedily regain her former position.

### THE NATIONAL BANKS OF CHICAGO.

The following is the officially stated result of Controller HURLBURT'S visit to Chicago for the purpose of ascertaining the exact condition of the National Banks in that city. We extract from the associated press dispatches of the 15th inst:

> A meeting of the officers of the National Banks of Chicago was held at the office of the Third National Bank, 436 Wabash Avenue, on Sunday evening, October 15, at 6 o'clock, for the purpose of conferring with Mr. Hurlburt, Controller of the Currency. J. Irvin Pierce, President of the Third National, was called to the chair, and Henry Greenebaum, of the German National, was elected Secretary. After full exchange of views touching the condition of the Chicago banks, as affected by the late great fire, it was ascertained upon a comparison of liabilities and resources, that all the banks were perfectly solvent, and could resume business at once. The only delay asked by the banks, was for sufficient time to convey their papers from the ruins to their new places of business, and to arrange their books and office furniture.
>
> After a general discussion, in which the Controller participated, on motion of Mr. Blair, President of the First National, the resolution heretofore passed, to pay 15 per cent cash, immediately, was unanimously rescinded.
>
> Mr. Coolbaugh, President of the Union National, offered the following resolution, which after full discussion was also adopted:
>
> *Whereas*, the books and treasures of all the National Banks in the city, the safety of which was to some extent uncertain when the resolutions of the 12th inst., were adopted, have been recovered intact; and
>
> *Whereas*, a careful examination of our assets since that time has convinced us, not only of our entire solvency, but of our ability to carry on our business as usual, without further delay; therefore,
>
> *Resolved*, That all the National Banks of this city will open their doors at the temporary offices now occupied by them for the transaction of business, on the 17th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M.

Although the women suffragists are proclaiming that in the territory of Utah "the women vote independently of their husbands," a writer on the spot declares "that there are not fifteen women in the territory who have cast a vote at all."

For the Blade.

### AN ACCOUNT OF KU-KLUX OUTRAGES.

FAWN MILL, MO., Sept. 7, 1871.

EDITOR BLADE:—My object in writing is to inform you what is transpiring in Stoddard and Dunklin counties, in this State. Believing that you will publish a true statement, and as I am an eye witness to what is being done here by the Ku-Klux to some extent, I will note one case that has come under my observation.

On the 27th day of August, 1871, Wm. Hannars started to move his family to Illinois, and near Miller's Mill, in Stoddard county, he was waylaid and shot by a man supposed to belong to the Ku-Klux. He approached Hanners with revolver in hand and demanded his name, which Hanners gave him. He said "You are the man I'm hunting," and with an oath said "I will kill you for saying you will shoot the Ku-Klux," and fired, the shot taking effect in the cheek bone near the eye. Hanners said "I am a dead man," and the assassins left. There were three of them. The wounded man then made his way back home through the woods, during the night, and then sent for a doctor to dress his wound, which was not of a fatal character. The doctor took Hanner home with him, and as he (the doctor) was a Republican, the Ku-Klux had, as they said, a good excuse to pay him a visit and, in Ku-Klux language, "clean out the whole business." On the 31st of August, about 4 o'clock P. M., a squad of Ku-Klux in full uniform marched up to the doctor's gate and ordered him to "Roll out here." He was out in the yard at the time and ran for the house, the Ku-Klux firing at him as he ran. He made his escape into the house. The firing awakened Hanner, who was asleep. He had so far recovered as to be able to use a gun, and himself and the doctor and his son commenced firing at the Ku-Klux, who had by this time got inside of the yard, and the fight became general around the house for a short time, when the Ku-Klux retreated, leaving three of their number dead and two badly wounded in the yard. The doctor has a large family of children, not one of whom were hurt in the least.

The doctor above mentioned was appointed one of the Judges of the court at the close of the war. There have been several statements of the affair published, but none of them are correct that I have seen.

The Ku-Klux since their defeat at the doctor's seem to have quieted down.

ROUGH.

THE MORRISON PLOW.—One of the best plows—indeed we might say *the* best—is that made by the Morrison Plow Co., Fort Madison, Iowa. We have one in use (be it known that the BLADE has a farm) and know whereof we speak. Their new adjustable beam, self-cleaning Plow is, as a plow, perfection. By means of a 'Patent Double Standard' the entirely remove the necessity for the handle extending from beam to landside, and dispense with the lower round;—the heavy iron plate under the beam (13 in. long) is slotted at each end, bolted to the beam through the slots, and by this means is secured adjustability—the absence of the beam-handle allowing much wider range in shifting the beam than in ordinary plows. The Double Standard so strengthens the Plow that the "cast block" is entirely dispensed with. The Plow is made strong, yet light; the beam is perfectly adjustable, for two or three horses; the "ever in the road handle" and lower round are entirely dispensed with, and the excessive annoyance of clogging and carrying weeds and trash completely overcome; the Plow runs lighter and does better work.

Dealers who have not tried the "Morrison Self-Cleaning Plow," are requested to send a trial order, which, if not satisfactory, may be returned at the expense of the Company. We have tried it in all kinds of ground and endorse it fully.

Halford Table Sauce, for use in families.

The "Safety" Hold-Back, for carriages prevents runaway accidents. Every carriage owner should order circulars from N. W. SIMMONS, Williamsfield, Ohio.

Superior Home and School for Children. Write for particulars to Mrs. S. W. LANSLEY, Poultney, Vt.

Remember that if a lamp filled with Pratt's Astral Oil is upset or broken, the contents will not explode or take fire. Remember, also, that it is not only the safest oil, but gives the best light. It costs but little more than the dangerous oils, and is safe, reliable and good.

Oil house of Chas. Pratt, 108 Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1770.

Dyspepsia destroys the teeth, unless its effects are counteracted by that purely vegetable tonic and antiseptic, SOZODONT. No bodily disease can impair them if this antidote to all corrosive elements that act upon the enamel is regularly applied.

If the baby is cutting teeth, use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup, which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain, corrects acidity and wind colic, and, by giving the infant natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—If you wish to look young as well as beautiful, use Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and Lyons' Celebrated Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion natural, transparent and lively. It removes Freckles, Pimples, Moth patches, &c., and instead of a red, rustic face, you have the marble purity of a city belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of youth. Add to this a luxuriant head of hair, produced by Lyon's Kathairon, and a lady has done her happiest thing in the way of adornment. It is the best dressing in the world, and prevents the hair from falling out and turning gray. Sold by all druggists.

We are taking great pains with our STAR AXES, and guarantee them to give satisfaction. GERBER & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE relieves the most violent paroxysms in five minutes, and effects a speedy cure. Price, $2, by mail.

Superfluous hair removed in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by UPHAM'S Depilatory Powder. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 106, South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free. Sold by all druggists.

THE HUMAN HAIR.—Burnett's Cocoaine, for healthful purity and excellence, is unsurpassed.

**$10 from 50 Cents.**

Something urgently needed by everybody. Call and examine, or twelve samples sent (postage free) for fifty cents that retails readily for ten dollars. R. L. WOLCOTT,

181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

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Thirty thousand STAR AXES sold in 1870.

# The Nasby Letters.

**Mr. Nasby at the New York Democratic State Convention—The Part Mr. Tweed took in it—How the Puppets Were Worked and Who Worked them.**

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(WICH IS IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.)
October 14, 1871.

I am in the sere and yaller leaf, and hev seen much uv politics, but never in my life did I ever see a convenshun so beautifully managed ez the late Democratic Convenshun at Rochester, Noo York. I wuz there by speshel invitashen uv my old friend, DENNIS O'SHAUGHNESSY, uv the 6th Ward, Noo York, who, sence I left the Harp uv Erin 'Sloon, hez improved wonderfully in a wordly pint uv view. He wuz then a hod-carrier by profession and a repeater by pratice. He attracted the attention uv Mr. TWEED by his zeal in voting and his bravery in knockin down opposishen voters, and waz uv course rewarded. He is now Assistant Inspector uv Musket Triggers uv the Ninth Regimental Armory, at a salary uv $600 per month, Skool Inspector in the Sixth Ward at a salary uv $400 per month, and Thirty-Second Assistant Law Adviser to the commission for condemnin private property, for streets and sich, at a salary uv $3000 per year, besides wich he hez a tenth interest in the contract for keepin the glass in repair uv the two back winders uv two Armories, out uv wich he made $10,000 in the first six months. He wuz to hev hed the contract for the two front winders in addition, but the raid the people made onto the Ring busted that. He hez, however, invested largely in city lots, and wears kid gloves, and a diamond ez big ez a peach stone. DENNIS sed that of the infernal Amerikens and Germans kin be beat down, and the control uv Noo York left with the Irish, where it belongs, he will be tolerably well off in a year or two.

DENNIS bein uv consequence in the party wuz, uv course, in the private counsels uv the managers uv the State Convenshun. He and TWEED, SWEENY, CONNOLLY, Mayor HALL, KEYSER, GARVIN and the entire convocashen wuz at Rochester, though nobody knowed it. They went in a speshel private car, and hed private rooms at the Osborne House, with a telegraph wire runnin directly to the Hall into wich the Convenshun wuz held. It wuz the most impressive scene I ever witnessed; one wich these old eyes will probably never look onto agin. Ther in an easy chair sot one man directin the delibrashens uv a convenshun uv the great State uv Noo York—one brain thinkin for a thousand—one hand guidin a thousand. He directed the Convenshen to cheer when SEYMOUR'S name wuz announst ez a delegate, and they cheered—he directed em to reject the Tammany delegashen from the city, and they wuz rejected—he directed em to do everything that wuz done and they did it.

"My great sir," sed I, in astonishment at the power he wielded, "why don't yoo go over to the Hall and direct the Convenshun?"

"My gentle sir," retorted he, with a bland smile, ez he dictated a message directin uv the Convenshun to cheer when the rejection uv the Tammany delegates wuz announced, "my dear sir, I AM THERE! There's a hundred uv *my* throats a shoutin this minit—there's a hundred of *my* hats a goin up to the ceilin this minit—there's two hundred uv *my* hands a clappin vociferously at this minit. There's a great many of me in that hall."

After the adjournment uv the Convenshun for dinner, the Chairman uv the Committee on Resolooshens came into the room to submit the resolooshens they hed prepared, that they mite be shoor they wood meet Mr. TWEED's idess. The great man read em attentively and handed uv em back.

"They won't do," sed he, sententiously.

"In wat respeck are they faulty?" asked the Chairman, obsequiously.

"Woodent it be well enough," sed TWEED, with a smile still more bland than the first, "woodent it be well enough to put in a resolooshen denouncin corrupshen, in general terms, uv course, specifyin partikelerly however, the especial corrupshen uv the Nashnel Government, and that uv States which is under radikal control?"

The sublimity uv sich a sejestion comin' from TWEED struck the chairman all uv a heap.

"Certainly, I will, ef yoo wish it," sed he, "but I sposed—that is, my idea wuz—in a general way, yoo know, that the least sed about corrupshen, in view uv—well, I am jist now holding a place wich pays suthin like ten theu—but never mind, it shel be done."

"Then agin," sed TWEED, smilin still blander and with the faintest sejestion uv a wink in his left eye, "I would sejest that yoo pledge the Democratic party to a honest and economical expenditoor uv the public funds!"

The Chairman turned pale with surprise, but he coincided. Everybody coincides with TWEED.

"And while yoo are at it," continued the great chieftain with a smile, the blandnis uv wich can't be described, "you hed better put in a resolooshen denounsin the profligacy uv the management uv matters in Noo York City, but makin it, mind yoo, ez the legitimate result uv Radikal legislashen four yeers ago. Draw up this resolooshen so ez to make it plain that its me yoor drivin at, without exactly namin me."

"Why, wat sed we—"

"Don't go on, my friend," sed TWEED, smilin a smile wich for blandnis excelled the most delishus Joon morning, "its much better to hev the corrupshen denounst by us than by the enemy, partikelerly ez we know more definitely about it. And I would sejest that yoo hev a resolooshen, boldly challengin a comparison between the Republikin and Democratic administrations uv the State and City governments, and (here he smiled with a blandnis wich wuz heavenly, ez he fingered a most gigantic diamond on the little finger of his left hand and sipped a glass uv champagne) any little thing wich yoo kin throw in ez to the necessity uv a return to the simplicity uv our Puritan fathers, wood be well."

The Chairman wuz too affected to say a word, but he made the necessary notes, and castin one look uv astonishment at the greatness uv his object, who sat there smilin blandly, retired from the presence.

But the great man's work wuz not yet done. He promptly telegraft every prominent Democratic editor and politishan in the state to denounce him in the bitterest terms, and then to fill the Convention who to nominate and wat else to do, went home.

There is a greatness and a grandeur in this man wich I can't sufficiently admire. Some men wood be so puffed up with the possession uv the twenty-five millions wich he hez made, ez to insist upon an endorsement by the party through which he made it, but not so with TWEED. There aint no vanity about him. So long ez he hez the control uv the party, he don't care a cent whether he is publicly recognized or not. Ez he remarkt to me "of the way to my continuashen in power is in denunciashen uv me, very good, denounce me

# Correspondence.

## Wanderings in the West.

### No. 24.

DEAR BLADE:—After a man has made up his mind to go west, the question, when to go? is one of the first that presents itself to his mind, and I propose in this letter to give some advice on the subject, as very serious mistakes have often been made by emigrants in this matter—mistakes that have caused many to return to their eastern homes much poorer than they left them, and completely disgusted with the west, and have cost others who have remained in the west serious loss and trouble.

To the man who intends to engage in some mercantile pursuit, or trade of any kind, it is of not so much importance at what season of the year he goes. And yet even to these, on the ground of health, the spring is generally preferable, as during the mild spring and early summer weather, the process of acclimation is more gradual than it would be were the change made in the fall, followed very soon, as it would be, by the cold weather of winter.

The mechanic should regulate the time of his going somewhat by his business. If his work is mostly out of doors, and he has employment during the winter in his present home for even part of the time, he had better remain there until spring, unless he has in some way, secured employment for the winter in the place to which he expects to remove. It often happens that this class of men leave situations where they are receiving fair wages, and go west in the fall with no employment. Cold weather sets in, they fail to find work, all the expenses of winter are upon them, to meet which, they must draw on the means with which, perhaps, they had expected to purchase homes, and very naturally they become discouraged before the revival of business in the spring. Had they remained in their old homes until spring—even if they had employment there but a part of the time—they would have been better off by at least the expense of a winter's subsistence, to say nothing about the discouragement that is almost certain to attend a winter of idleness in a strange place.

Mechanics whose work is indoors do not generally meet with the same difficulties, although their business is generally duller in winter than any other season, and employment consequently more difficult to secure.

To the man whose means warrant him in spending some time in looking about before deciding upon a location, or whether he will locate at all or not, the season when he goes is of little consequence. Such men, allow me to say, should always take their wives along and consult them freely concerning the different locations they examine. The new home is to be hers as well as his, and it always looks to me selfish and unreasonable for a man of means to start off alone prospecting for a new location, and, without consulting his wife, selecting one where she must almost certainly be unhappy. There is altogether too much of this done by men whose abundant means leave them no excuse for it.

It is always better for those who can afford the expense thus to go and make a careful examination before they dispose of their farms or their business. I have known cases where men have taken the "western fever," sold out everything, and gone west with only a vague, indefinite idea of where they would locate or what they would do. Such persons are almost sure to be discontented and to regret that they ever made the change.

It would be far better for them, before disposing of their homes and business to make a trip through the west, examine carefully the country and the business openings, and then if they find anything that suits them, to secure that before they sell themselves out of home and business.

It is always better for the farmer to go in the Spring. If he has the means to go out, as above suggested, to examine the country and select his location a year in advance, get a house built and some sod broken, so much the better. He is then ready when he takes his family to go right on with all his farming operations, just as he would on an improved farm anywhere else. But a large majority of the farmers who go west have not the means to spare to do this. They must get all the information they can from other sources, fix upon some State, and perhaps county, and then with their families go out to stay.

Now suppose one of these, with his family, to go in the fall. He must leave his old home while the weather is good and his services are in demand at good prices, so that he inevitably loses much valuable time in which he might have been earning money. He arrives at his new location, when of course the first thing to be done is to provide some sort of house for shelter during the winter. In all probability cold weather will set in before this can be completed, consequently they are but poorly protected, and the probability is that exposure will bring on sickness. Very little work can be done towards the improvement of the farm during the winter, nothing whatever can be produced, the expenses of living go on, of course, and thus the fall and winter are wasted, and he commences his spring work with depressed spirits and crippled resources.

Now suppose a man of limited means, who can not afford to go out beforehand to select his location, and have some improvements made on it, to go in the spring with his family and such property as it is advisable for him to take along. He should go as soon as the winter is fairly broken and the worst of the early spring weather over. Of course the first thing in this case, as in the other, is to provide some sort of shelter for the family, but as the cold weather will be over, almost any kind of structure will answer for the time being. A tent can be made at very small expense which will do very well until a house can be built. It is no uncommon thing for a family going out in the spring to spend the entire summer in a tent, and thus live very comfortably. A man in Nebraska informed me that he reached his land rather late in the season. It was time to commence breaking sod when he arrived and he could not afford to take time to put up even a temporary building, so he made three trestles about two feet high, put his wagon bed on them, made a cover of substantial cotton cloth, and in this himself, wife and two children slept for four months, and never had better health in their lives. A temporary shed, which he constructed in less than half a day, did very well to cook and eat in, and so he was ready, in one day after his arrival to commence plowing.

I find that very few persons who do not live in a prairie country know anything about the process of breaking and bringing into cultivation the prairie sod, and as that matter is somewhat connected with the subject of this letter, viz: the best time to go west—and is of the first importance to every one who thinks of going, I may as well devote the remainder of this letter to it.

Breaking sod may be commenced as soon in the spring as the grass has got a good start—no sooner—and continued as long as the grass continues to grow, and no longer. "My rule," said an experienced farmer, "is to commence breaking as soon as an ox can get a good mouthful of grass, and to continue until the grass has matured and ceased to grow." If it is begun before the spring growth has fairly commenced, the grass will not be killed, and although the sods are turned completely upside down, it will continue its growth very much as if nothing had happened. Any crop that may be planted on it will be smothered by the grass, and the next season it will be harder to bring into cultivation than if it had never before been plowed. But if the grass has got a fair start and is then turned under, it dies at once, and with all the roots speedily rots; some kinds of crops may be raised on it the same season, and the next year it will be in splendid condition for any kind of crop desired.

If the breaking is continued after the grass has ceased growing it will not rot at all, but will lie there year after year, a mass of dry roots and grass, rendering cultivation almost impossible. Some farmers say they don't think the soil ever recovers from the effects of too late breaking. Frequently you can see in the same field the evidences of too early and too late breaking. In the former the grass and weeds will be growing almost as if no plowing had been done; in the latter the grass does not grow, but the next spring when an attempt is made to plow it, the grass roots will turn up about as dry and as little rotted as the day they were plowed under, and instead of a rich, black, mellow loam the surface will be covered with mats of dry, tangled roots and grass. That which was broken during the proper season will, the next spring, be completely rotted, and as mellow as an ash heap.

The season for breaking averages about two months, the time for commencing varying somewhat with the latitude, and with the backwardness or forwardness of the season in the same latitude. In Kansas it commences generally about the first of May and ends about the last of June, and as you go north it begins and ends a little later.

It is found best not to break the sod too deep—from two to three inches being the average depth. Sometimes the sod plow is run through, turning over the sod not more than two inches in depth, and then immediately following this, and in the same furrow, another plow turns up the loose earth to the depth of about three inches. Where this is done, the yield of the first crop—called the "sod crop"—is generally largely increased.

The crops that may be grown on sod thus broken are corn, potatoes, turnips, ruta-bagas, white beans, and sometimes barley does very well. You will perhaps remember an instance I gave in a letter some weeks ago in which a "sod crop" of over twenty-five bushels of barley per acre was raised which was sold for sixty cents a bushel. Forty bushels per acre of corn are sometimes grown, but such yields are exceptionally large. The root crops do better generally, and I have seen as fine potatoes and turnips grown on sod as are usually produced anywhere.

Now I am well aware that to my readers who live in a prairie country this letter will not be very interesting, but they will please remember that there are thousands of readers in the eastern States who know nothing about the process of bringing a prairie into cultivation, and to them I hope it will be not only interesting but instructive.

A. P. M.

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WASHINGTON, Oct. 12, 1871.

Since the date of my last letter, Washington has been wholly occupied with the great Chicago calamity, and nothing else has been thought of or talked about. Governor Cook, whose large heart swells in proportion to his increasing wealth, is absent on the ocean, having gone to Europe after his wife and children; but Acting Governor Stanton (Secretary Stanton is a son of the late Secretary of War) was prompt in calling a meeting of sympathy, which was largely attended, and devised "liberal things" for the devastated city. President Grant sent his check for a thousand dollars, Mr. Corcoran for three thousand, and other subscriptions were from five hundred to five dollars.

This was on Tuesday night, and during yesterday subscription papers were passed around among the clerks and government officers in all the departments, and the aggregate must make a large sum. Twenty-five thousand dollars have already been forwarded, and a much larger amount will be sent in a day or two. The acting Governor has convened the Legislature, which will meet to-day and will probably appropriate $100,000 or provide for making that sum immediately available for the sufferers. A deep sympathy is felt by all classes, and it will not be suffered to waste itself in words.

Among some of our bankers and business men there is a despondent feeling in regard to the effect of this great calamity on the commercial interests of the country. The loss of property is probably more than $300,000,000 and will not fall solely on the people of Chicago. The insurance companies of the large eastern cities are very heavy losers; much of the property destroyed was mortgaged and capitalists east hold the mortgages; large quantities of lumber, dry goods, groceries, &c., burned were purchased on credit, and when the bills fall due they will not be paid. It is easy to see, therefore, that it is a calamity which is far reaching and takes hold on society. It is likely to strike down strong houses in New York and Boston, and San Francisco, and other distant cities, and to cripple vast numbers that will not be destroyed.

A calamity so vast will, it is feared, shake the foundations of our monetary system and cast a cloud over our national prosperity. Hitherto this has been the general effect of much inferior disasters. The great Broad street fire of New York, in 1835, destroyed property to the amount of $20,000,000, and is believed to have been an element in the crash which took place the following year, resulting a little later in the suspension of the banks and a general depression in commercial affairs, which reached its lowest point in 1842.

This calamity is much more appalling than that of Broad street, and it may be that capitalists who are still in good condition may be seized with alarm, and a panic spread from one to another, till the monetary system is disordered and employments which depend on borrowed money will have to suspend operations, demoralizing alike capital and labor.

But we cannot judge accurately of the present by the past. Our monetary system is much better now than it was in 1836, and if the disaster is met with the courage and liberality which seem to pervade the masses of the people, I, for one, have great hope that the country will receive the blow without any such general shock as some of our friends seem to fear.

It is quite possible that this stupendous calamity may be so treated as not greatly to retard, and ultimately to advance the interests of this wonderfully enterprising city. In 1849 there was a great fire in Brooklyn, N. Y., which consumed a number of churches and swept away all the business portion of Fulton street. More than 300 stores and dwellings were demolished in one night, and Brooklyn was, for a while, a stricken city. But the buildings destroyed were largely of wood, and having been extemporized to answer the demands of a rapidly growing city, they were little suited to its future wants, and when permanent structures speedily took the place of those destroyed the property appreciated so largely that the rise in value more than covered the losses.

It may be so with Chicago. The unparalleled growth which it has had was one of the causes of its calamity. Its compact wooden buildings, erected in haste to meet the demands of present necessities, furnished food for the devouring flames; and now that the ground is cleared an opportunity is offered to repair past errors and to build up a city equal to its splendid advantages and its great enterprise; and it will probably soon be seen that this great calamity is not without a promise of future advantage.

The disaster now commands general sympathy. It should also command capital. The enterprise is already there; and capital and enterprise will nerve the arm of labor, and we shall soon see the buildings on its devastated streets restored with more than their former glory.—Already the newspapers which were swept away have taken steps for their restoration and many of the merchants are preparing to rebuild their palaces of trade. Where there is a will there is a way. When the courage is strong the hand does not slacken. If, then, capital is tolerent and forbearing and encouraging the profits of industry and trade will soon flow again in their accustomed channels and a young Phœnix, stronger and more beautiful than the old one, will come up from its ashes. Let capital take courage and have faith in the new city!

BUCKEYE.

P. S.—The overshadowing interest in the Chicago disaster does not make us forget that three great States have gone overwhelmingly Republican, and that Ohio has disappointed all the calculations of the Ku Klux Democracy. What a glorious result!

B.

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## A Day In Chicago Since the Fire.

ED. BLADE:—We left Toledo on the 8 P. M. train, reaching Chicago at 7:20 A. M., at 22d street, stopping here, where a small coal office and lumber office answer for a depot, with all out doors for a baggage room. Two squares from here, on the corner of Wabash avenue and 22d street, is the Avenue House, a very large and aristocratic boarding house; but for one dollar a meal, our party was furnished with the best of accommodations. At Howland & Woolford's livery stable near by, we hired a splendid carriage and team for $2 an hour—room for five, beside the driver. Started at 8 A. M., and after a drive of twenty minutes, on Wabash avenue we came to the beginning of the great fire. We continued our drive until 1 P. M., not going over the same ground twice but a few squares. The complete ruin and devastation is beyond the power of man to describe. Only a visit such as we have made to day, can give any one an impression or even a conception of what a loss the people of Chicago have met with. You can form some idea of the extent and amount of ground burnt over, when we tell you that the distance is at least five miles long by over an average of one mile wide—this makes over 3,000 acres—160 acres is a good sized farm. Think of 20 farms of 160 acres each, being built upon almost every foot of it, with the finest stores, ware houses, dwellings, &c., that the United States could boast of, and you have an idea of what has been reduced to ashes. No building remains, (except one which will have its history told so often that I will not speak of it,) in fact nothing remains. The material that the buildings were constructed of seems to have melted down and settled in the basements and leaving very little rubbish, even on the sidewalks. The streets all through the ruins are in good order, and being of Nicholson pavement, make it easy to walk upon or drive over wherever you wish to go. State street cars, one square from where the steam cars stop, run direct through the burnt district; also the Wabash avenue stages, two squares, fare reduced to five cents. You see all the ruins without almost any trouble or expense. Up to 10 A. M. there were hardly 100 persons on the ground burnt over, and stages and cars were running almost empty; we noticed more persons in the afternoon. It seemed to us very strange to find so very few on the grounds. We chanced to meet one man who had four splendid stores reduced to ashes—all iron fronts. The iron lay, broken to pieces on the sidewalk—balance reduced to a small amount of broken stones. He was the only man that seemed to be looking at his loss. His buildings were very near the centre of the great mass of ruins. He informed us that he lost his fine residence with everything in it; that he had been offered $100,000 for his private residence. His loss is a sample of a very large portion of those who owned property in the vicinity of the Court House.

The Relief Committee are in good working order. They receive food, &c., at the Rink—a very large building—and assort it over in good order and send it to the churches to be put upon tables. They have prepared for those who wish to eat there, or they can take it home with them if they choose to, though very few have any homes to take any thing to—so far they have had more cooked food than they could use to good advantage before it spoiled—and clothing, such as has been sent, has been plenty enough, more under clothing of all kinds is needed badly. Ladies of Toledo, or any where in fact, can do more good making up under clothing for women and children, the latter particularly, than anything else they can do just now. The poor have better attention than the rich, they many of them, are being better fed and clothed than they were before the fire. They rush for the distributing places and stand in a line with the crowd until their turn comes if it takes all day, while the rich (these that were rich) are as destitute of clothing and food as any are, yet they have not the constitution or desire to go through what the hardy, rough foreigner can to get his bread and clothes. Potatoes, the common article of food so much used by the poor, are 30 cents a bushel less in price than before the fire; candles are in great demand at 50c per lb, no gas or water yet on the side where most of the fire was. Nothing doing of any amount on the ruins yet.

During the day many of the banks got at their safes and vaults and found most of their contents in good order. The smaller safes will no doubt protect many papers, but few of them have been opened yet. We counted eight in one building that had fallen very promiscuously into the basement, and many other buildings contained even a larger number than this.

Pinkerton, the great detective, has charge of the burnt district, with orders printed and put up on every prominent place through the ruins to "shoot any man dead on the spot who attempts to disturb in any way the safes or vaults!" One single and lonely policeman sitting on the pile of crumbled stone of the once grand Michigan Southern and Lake Shore depot was the only one we saw during our visit, except on the outskirts of the fire.

With such power in the hands of the Police, one or two men can take care of the millions of valuables in the safes now, better than a thousand men could when the safes were surrounded by buildings. Absolutely nothing is left in the ruins but safes, vaults, etc. The woodwork of all buildings is of course burned, and the brick and stone are crumbling into one mass of ruins. The finest sight standing, I think, is the shell of the front of the grand Pacific Hotel. Part of this remains to the very top, seven stories high, seeming ready to fall at any moment. Now is the time to visit Chicago, for in a very few days, new buildings will be started, and this will spoil the grand effect of the totally deserted signs of business which prevail at present. We were told that over fifty thousand passes had been given to parties to leave the city. No one can afford to miss so grand, and yet so sad a sight, as this great fire has made, and if you want to feel that you have done your duty, get together some of your own clothes and those of your family, that you can spare, and some extra money in your pocket to give away, and go direct to Chicago, and my word for it, you will never regret the trip. You can take a check for the box or trunk you take your donations in, and if you do not find any one to give them to, yourself, you can give your check to one of the Relief Committee at any of the churches on West Washington street. We took a large box of clothing with us and wished we had more; we found some wealthy families, or those that had been, in need of just such clothing as we took with us to give away. One family consisting of parents and five children, and two others with large families of sons and daughters, all ages, we met at one of the churches waiting for the Relief Committee to wait on them. Your donations if made in this way, will do more good at present, than almost any other way. Many of the very wealthiest people are without even a full suit of common clothes, and they will almost starve or freeze before they will stand in the open street with the crowd and wait for hours for their turn to come to be handed out some badly soiled, second hand clothing or food, which in many cases is badly spoiled and *half-mixed* at best. Go with the intention of doing all the good you can; but don't fail to go and see the result of the greatest fire the world ever witnessed or probably ever will.

O. S. B.

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## FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The chief topic in all circles is the Chicago calamity. At the clubs, exchanges, news rooms, in parlors, hotels, everywhere where men were the appalling disaster is talked about. The first telegrams were regarded as exaggerated, but as each superceding despatch confirmed the losses, a deeper feeling of sympathy was aroused and a desire manifested to contribute some effective manner of relief to the sufferers and subscriptions were begun. Hugh McCulloch, J. S. Morgan and other American brokers, were among the first movers in this behalf. The contributions have already reached a large sum. At Liverpool a Committee has been organized who have already made arrangements to send food and clothing to the Chicago sufferers.

Minister Schenck invited all Americans in and near London to meet at Langham Hotel to-morrow, for the purpose of organizing relief committees.

The United States Consul General requests the aid of consular officers in collecting and forwarding contributions.

The Times deplores the dispatches as magnified. A writer declares his faith in the energy of the Americans and in the resources of Chicago, and wishes that its suffering inhabitants may recover from the disaster.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The Lord Mayor, supported by leading houses, has issued a special subscription for Chicago relief. Everywhere the feeling of sympathy is wide spread. The council of the city will probably vote a large sum. At a meeting at Birmingham last night, six firms gave £100 each on the spot. The amount collected is to be sent by cable to Mayor Hall to-night, that it may be used immediately. Contributions throughout England will be very large.

Midnight.—In response to the call of the American Minister for a meeting to express sympathy and provide relief for the people of Chicago, over 400 American and English gentlemen assembled at the Ingraham Hotel to-night, and the parlors of the hotel were crowded to excess. Robert C. Schenck was chairman. Brief but stirring appeals were made by several speakers. Maps of the unfortunate city, with the burnt quarter designated, had been hung on the walls, and were explained by gentlemen well acquainted with the ground. One speaker drew a parallel between the conflagration at Chicago and the great fire in London. The enthusiasm, which was evident from the opening of the meeting, needed no stimulus. Everybody was eager to contribute, and within a short time £10,000 were subscribed viva voce. Conspicuous among the subscribers were several confederates, who requested that their names should not appear. A few merchants of Chicago, whose establishments were destroyed by the fire, also offered their contributions amid the cheers of the assemblage. Resolutions expressing the deepest sympathy for the suffering, pledging further aid, were adopted by acclamation. A committee was appointed with J. S. Morgan and Schenck at its head, to procure additional subscriptions in London and throughout the Kingdom. Expressions of sympathy were received by telegraph and by mail from all parts of the country, and read by the chairman.

LONDON, Oct. 14.—The Times this morning, states that the Lord Mayor received £17,000 sterling, as the result of two day's subscription for the Chicago relief funds—that lists have been opened for contributions at Birmingham, Bedford, Hanley and other other towns of the manufacturing districts. The Times has a leader reviewing the Chicago conflagration and the fires now raging north west advising prompt action of the State authorities in suppressing the attempted Fenian invasion of Manitoba. It draws the conclusion that England and Englishmen are herein furnished with every incentive to alleviate calamities in the west. Nearly all railways and steamer lines have announced their readiness to transport contributions.

VERSAILLES, Oct. 12.—Election returns, though incomplete, indicate the return of 94 Bonapartists, 194 Legitimists, 201 Radicals, 494 Moderates, and 867 Liberal Conservative, Prince Jerome Bonaparte's election for Corsica is to be contested.

BERLIN, Oct. 13.—It is reported that two conventions between France and Germany were signed to-day, and that Pouyer Quertier will leave to-morow for Paris.

LONDON, Oct. 13.—The Merchants' Chamber of Commerce, at a meeting, held to consider the proposed abrogation of the French commercial treaties, passed a resolution expressing regret at hearing that the French government contemplated a measure which would fetter exchange and commerce between France and other countries.

VIENNA, Oct. 13.—A dispatch from Ogram, the Capital of Croatia, announces that the revolt in Agrein has been suppressed. Three of the leaders were killed, and nearly all their followers taken prisoners. A few escaped to the mountains. Insurrectionary manifestoes were placarded in Ogram.

LONDON, Oct. 13.—The Newcastle strike continues, and threatens serious disturbance. Last night the service of the police was necessary to quell an incipient riot, in which several men were seriously hurt. A number of the rioters were arrested.

The health of Queen Victoria is improving.

VERSAILLES, Oct. 13.—At a meeting of the permanent commission yesterday, Bieriere stated that all difficulties to the ratification of the customs treaty with Germany had been removed. He also brought up the subject of the trial of Communists, and urged that those now remaining in prison, be speedily brought before the proper tribunals.

ROME, Oct. 13th.—It is asserted that many congregations of the Roman Catholic order are about to leave this city and go to England and America, where they propose to found convents.

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## DOMESTIC NEWS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The disaster by the Chicago fire continues to excite public interest. Every detail regarding it is read with absorbing interest. Contributions continue to pour in from every quarter, and supplies are furnished in large quantities for consignment by railroads.

An immense number of persons of every sex yesterday came to the railway depots with packages of various descriptions, containing goods to supply the wants of the distressed. At the Erie depot clothing came in bundles, bales, trunks, valises, cases, boxes, and barrels and formed by far the larger part of the offerings. Provisions were also contributed in abundance. Many prominent business firms gave substantial evidence of their generosity. One firm, a sugar refinery of the city, gave 104 barrels of crushed sugar.

It would be impossible to make mention of the gifts in detail, or to enumerate the contributions of goods received by this company alone. It would probably reach the value of $100,000 per day. Contributions of money from this city and vicinity are rapidly going forward. The Committees who are appointed to solicit aid are numerous. By the end of a week an immense sum will be realized. From the interior of the State contributions are coming in with promptness and liberality. The energy which the business men of Chicago display is regarded cheering. Evidence of prospects for the revival of trade in the city, meets with a hearty commendation in all departments of business here.

A new feature in the reform movement is the organization of the Young Men's Reform Association, which took place last night. Ex-Judge Barrett was elected President. These reformers comprise the best young men in the city, and they are enthusiastic in the cause of reform.

The reform Democracy last evening perfected arrangements for the primary meetings for the next election.

ST. JOHNS, N. B., Oct. 14.—The storm last night was very severe in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Embankments were washed away in several places between Buffalo and Halifax. It is not expected that trains can run this week. Telegraph wires are gone completely between these two places. The storm did great damage to wharves and shipping in Halifax. There was also great damage done at Sydney, but there are no particulars.

A dispatch from Halifax states that the heaviest hurricane known in twenty years occurred there last evening. The tide rose two feet over the wharves. Many vessels were injured and several lives lost.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The prairie fires which have been devastating the western country, excite much interest. The sufferers by the calamity awaken sympathy everywhere. When the details of the disaster become known, a relief movement will probably be set on foot for these suffering people.

Lieut. Gov. Bross of Illinois, editor of the Chicago Tribune, addressed the Chamber of Commerce Relief Committee this morning. After describing the great fire, he said after the immediate wants of the sufferers were supplied the next pressing necessity is the want of funds to rebuild the city. Merchants and companies in New York who had given loans on Chicago property destroyed by the fire, should give second mortgages to enable the merchants to rebuild their houses. He also recommended capitalists to advance money freely on unencumbered Chicago property, which, within the next few years, is sure to advance in price. The speaker expressed od the part of the homeless and destitute people of Chicago, the most profound and heartfelt gratitude to New York and the civilized world world for the noble efforts for the relief of the sufferers. A vote of thanks was returned to Gov. Broes.

WASHINGTON, October 11.—The following was telegraphed to Boston to-day:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 11, 1871.

To Hon. Samuel Hooper, Boston:

Would it not be well for the good people of Boston to dispense with the ceremony and expense of a public reception on the occasion of my visit to your city, and appropriate such a portion of the fund set apart for that purpose as is deemed advisable, for the relief of the sufferers by the Chicago disaster? I am sure such a course would please me.

U. S. GRANT.

**Grain and Grain Elevators Burned.**

The following is a correct list of elevators burned: Munger & Armour's, Galena and Illinois Central, A. Hirman's; Wheeler's National, and Vincent, Nelson & Co's. The following are standing and unharmed: Illinois Central, B. Flint & Thompson's, and the two belonging to Munn & Scott, the two owned by Armour, Dole & Co., the Burlington, the old Iowa, and the Illinois River.

The total amount of grain destroyed in the five elevators burned is over 1,000,000 bushels. The amount in store in the remaining elevators is about 5,000,000 bushels.

NASHVILLE, Oct. 15.—The Reunion and Reform Association of this city, composed of citizens irrespective of party, combined for the promotion of great common interests, and the obliteration of sectarianism from national politics, had a public meeting here this evening. Speeches were made by ex Confederate and Federal soldiers, fraternal and national in spirit. One of the speakers, an ex-Confederate soldier, who served with Forrest through the war, said that he had a faith which no words could express, in the sublime significance of the mission and destiny of the American Union, and eulogized the national flag as the emblem of liberty and equality of men of all nationalities. He said the South must show the honest masses of the North by eloquent action rather than fair promises that our attachment to the government is sincere.

Hon. A. S. Colyer, ex Confederate Congressman, and hitherto an active Democrat, took strong grounds against the nomination of a Democratic ticket for President next year. It is a duty the Democratic party owes to the South and for the preservation of constitutional liberty.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 14.—Information received from El Paso, Texas, states that State has gone Republican by quite a heavy majority.

A heavy snow storm set in at Santa Fe yesterday morning and continued all day. The mountains are all covered with snow, and the atmosphere is quite cool.

BOSTON, Oct. 16.—Halifax despatches estimate the damages by the late hurricane at $300,000. The shores of Halifax harbor Friday morning presented the appearance of wreck and ruin, such as never was seen before. Several vessels are high and dry, and others are dismasted. Altogether 30 vessels, mostly fishermen, have suffered. Three men were drowned off the harbor while they were setting nets. The railway track from Halifax to Bedford was damaged to the extent of $10,000.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 16.—The executive committee of the relief fund this noon resolved to send Major Liddington, of Milwaukee, a large amount of clothing, and to Alexander Mitchell twenty five hundred dollars for the Wisconsin sufferers and repeat the donation to Senator Perry, of Grand Haven, for the Michigan sufferers.


PARTIES wishing to invest and engage in a Profitable Manufacturing Business, already well established, in the most rapidly growing city and best distributing point in the west, are requested to correspond with the TOLEDO AGRICULTURAL WORKS, Toledo, O. oct19-4w

CUT THIS OUT

And send twenty-five cents for a ticket, and get a Watch, Sewing Machine, Piano, or some article of value. Six tickets for $1. No Agents. Address PACKARD & CO., Cincinnati, O. oct19-w4t-60

TWO BRILLIANT NOVELS.

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JUSTIN McCARTHY'S NEW STORY, NOW READY.

Lady Judith:

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

One Volume, Octavo, Elegantly Illustrated.

Price, bound in paper ..... $1 25
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It is one of the most attractive stories which has been published for many a day, with all the brilliancy of style for which Mr. McCarthy is noted, and at the same time a most dramatic and exciting plot. It will be read with interest by thousands.

II.

Overland.

A NOVEL.

BY

J. W. DEFOREST,

Author of "Kate Beaumont," etc.

1 Volume Octavo.

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It is a story of great interest and power, and at the same time gives a most vivid and wonderful description of an overland trip to California. In word-painting, this story has probably never been surpassed.

Either of the above works sent by mail, postpaid, on the receipt of the price.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO.

The American Insurance Co., OF CHICAGO,

Have saved the whole of their Books and Securities, and as their business is almost exclusively Farm and Farm Property, they will not be seriously affected by this great calamity. Until further notice, business will be carried on at

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CARBOLIC SALVE.

The President of the Board of Health of New York and Brooklyn writes:

NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1870.

JOHN F. HENRY, Esq.—Dear Sir.—I believe that Carbolic Acid is destined to work a marvelous good in the human family. I have tested the salve made of the acid, by you, chemically, and the result I have submitted to several eminent physicians, who concur in saying that the Carbolic Salve is a most efficacious and safe remedy for all skin diseases. You are, therefore, justified in giving it a wide circulation. Very respectfully,

GEO. B. LINCOLN.

Carbolic Salve is sold by all druggists at 25c.

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Life Insurance Co.

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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A STRONG STOCK COMPANY.

Total Assets, August 1871 ..... $1,054,617
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Surplus ..... $1,016,799

The Company reduces by the contract, the first and all subsequent premiums from 30 to 50 per cent. as compared to those of Mutual Companies.

During the last three years the premium received by the Company have aggregated $1,700,000. Had it charged the high premiums of Mutual Companies the same amount of insurance would have cost the policy holders about $2,700,000. The National has therefore, in three years, made a dividend IN ADVANCE, of $500,000. In other words its policy holders have retained in their own pockets $500,000, which would have been unnecessarily exacted from them by Mutual Companies.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

LABOR CAPITAL $1,000,000.00, CASH SYSTEM, LOW RATES OF PREMIUM, NO DIVIDEND DEDUCTIONS, NEARLY A WORLD-WIDE POLICY, LIBERAL NON-FORFEITING FEATURES.

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Jay Cooke, Chairman Finance and Ex-Com.
Emerson W. Peet, Secretary and Actuary.
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Contracts direct with the Company, giving liberal and continuous commissions, will be made in all parts of the country, with efficient and reliable men, who propose to canvass personally for Life Insurance. Address, Branch Office, Philadelphia, Pa. oct19w4w40

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Address (no stamp required for return postage) and state you saw this notice in the Toledo BLADE.

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AGENTS WANTED FOR THE YEAR OF BATTLES, A History of the Franco-German War; and THE RED REBELLION IN PARIS

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DIOSMA CRENATA BUCHU LEAVES.

PROPERTIES.—Their odor is strong, diffusive and somewhat aromatic; their taste bitterish and analogous to mint.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.—Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the Urinary Organs.

They are given in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostrate Gland, and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections and Dropsy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is used by persons from the ages of 18 to 25 and from 35 to 55, or in the decline or change of life; after Confinement or Labor Pains; Bed Wetting in children.

In affections peculiar to Females, the Extract Buchu is unequaled by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrous state of the Uterus.

DISEASE OF THE BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.—This medicine increases the Power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU has cured every case of Diabetes in which it has been given. Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Ulceration of the Kidneys and Bladder, Retention of Urine, Disease of the Prostate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel, Brick Dust Deposit and Mucus or Milky Discharges, and for enfeebled and delicate constitutions of both, cures, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Disease, Wakefulness, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Eruption on the Face, Pallid Countenance, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, etc.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is Diuretic and Blood-Purifying, and cures all diseases arising from habits of dissipation, excesses and imprudences in life, impurities of the Blood, etc., regardless of Climates in all parts of the world, in connection with HELMBOLD'S ROSE WASH.

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Describe symptoms in all communications.

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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

# Our Young Folks.

## NUTTING.

Away, away for a merry day—
Away away to the woods away,
Where nuts abound,
All on the ground—
Away, away with schoolmates gay.

The cunning squirrels on our track,
Away his store of nuts to pack.
See, nuts a pound,
Spread over the ground—
Good store of nuts we will not lack.

Laugh as we work—we can't keep still,
While we our baskets quickly fill;
And then we'll play,
We're all so gay—
Yes, work, then play with right good will.

And then for a lunch in the woods away,
How hungry we are after work and play—
For lunch let's go,
'Tis waiting we know—
How good! O, how jolly, this fine nutting day.

And then work again till we have a good store,
For winter will soon stop no gathering more,
We'll work, work away,
For nutting is gay,
And nuts are quite good when nutting is o'er.

Kenosha, Wis., 1871. E.

## How Ned Kept His Promise.

BY MRS. A. M. FREEMAN.

The coasting was splendid. Little Ned Davis had a bran new sled, with steel shod runners. A fine hard crust had frozen over the snow, and the hill was full of boys and girls.

"Come on, Davis," shouted Bill Bross, stopping at the gate.

"Grandpa has gone to the village, and I am not to go outside until he comes back," replied Ned, regretfully.

"Your grandpa is a regular old muff. He keers you housed up like a girl—worse than a girl, too, for Nellie Saunders is out here waiting for the ride you promised her. You're a specimen," and Bill Bross threw a snowball at Ned's nose, which was flattened against the window.

"It's too bad," thought Ned, "that I have got to stay in such a day as this, and very likely by to-morrow it will thaw, and I shan't have a chance to try my new sled at all. It is a beauty, too; not one of the boys have so gay a one;" and he glanced proudly through the window.

"If that Bross hasn't got Nellie on his sled. He wouldn't dare do it if I were there. I knew it would be so. Over they go! She is not hurt; I am glad of that. That's what he gets for trying to show off.

"Oh dear, oh dear! I wonder if I am to be shut up here all day. How that girl laughs! and she is laughing at me, too. I wouldn't have thought that of Nellie. Bill Bross has been setting her up. If I was only out there, I'd teach him his place. What a shackly old affair his sled is by the side of mine. I wonder if it would do any great harm to go out just for a little while, and take two or three runs down the hill. It seems such a pity that he should have it all his own way. You stay here, Fido, and don't you get into mischief."

Ned opened the door and peeped out. He drew his sled out, and shoved it toward the gate. The boys shouted, and the girls cheered.

"Come on Ned, come on. You promised me a ride," cried one.

"And me too," "and me," "and me," shouted a dozen different voices.

"I don't care," thought Ned; shouting back, "Grandpa will never know."

"Don't you ride with Davis, Nellie. He's a coward—regular chicken-hearted. Afraid of his grand'father," sneered Bill Bross.

"Oh, but I promised," said Nellie, deserting Bill Bross, and tucking herself comfortably on Ned's sled.

Away they went, again and again, walking up hill to ride down.

Grandpa was forgotten. The fire went out in the cottage, and the sun went down behind the hills.

"So late," said Ned, as he noticed the long shadows creeping over the hillside.

The coasting was over. They must all go home; and now he was sorry that he had not done as his grandpa had bidden him.

"What a nice warm fire, Ned, I am glad to find that you obeyed me. To-morrow you may go over to the red school house, and stay all day. Here's a little parcel for you."

How they glittered in the firelight. What beauties they were! A pair of club skates! and he had been longing so for them. Wouldn't Bross look wild when he saw them? And in imagination he saw himself skimming over the ice, cutting curls and twists, doing the Dutch roll backward and forward, the envied of all the skating club.

"Dear old grandpa! wasn't he kind?"

I was sure that you wouldn't leave the house, Ned. I can always trust to your word," and grandpa patted his head approvingly.

Ned felt very uncomfortable. He didn't say much, but hurried away to bed. He thought that in the morning he would tell his grandfather that he had been coasting, and give him back the skates, for he felt he did not deserve them. But in the morning the sun was so bright, the air so clear, and the ice so smooth and hard, that his good resolution was forgotten.

So all day he skated, and the new skates were fine. Not a boy had a better pair. And Nellie Saunders was there, and he held her by the hand while they skated; and Bill Bross looked black; but, then, the night came on too soon; still he went home happy; "for it has been something" shaking his head, "to have the noblest skates on the pond."

"Ned, Ned," said his grandfather as he came into the warm kitchen with his skates hanging on his arm, "didn't you all asleep yesterday? Think, for something terrible has happened."

"Something terrible happened," repeated Ned, growing white.

"The money that was to pay off the mortgage on the old place, has been stolen. It must have been taken yesterday; it was safe the night before. You must have fallen asleep, Ned, for you know you didn't leave the house. It is very hard, but my boy, I don't blame you. I didn't tell you it was in the house, Ned, for I thought it might make you timid to stay alone; but now the old homes end will have to go. I don't care for myself so much, for I'm an old man; and yet it is hard to die in the workhouse; but you, Ned—I would have liked you to have had the home that was your father's'. They sleep in the orchard, and I would have liked to have laid my old bones near them."

"Where was the money, grandfather?" asked Ned, without lifting his eyes.

"In an old stocking hanging close against the wall in the corner here.—Mother and I thought it safe there. Don't worry, Ned; we were all together to blame. It was careless trusting five hundred dollars to such a chance. I am a wretched old fellow to take no better care of the future for Jamie's boy than that."

"O grandfather, it's all my fault. I did go coasting. I left the cottage all of the afternoon. The fire went down, and there was no one here but Fido to care for the house. The money was stolen, and I am a bad, wicked boy."

"I am sorry, Ned," said the grandfather severely, "that the money is gone, and still more sorry, my boy, that you have acted as untruth."

"Don't be too hard on the child, father. It is a long time ago"—and a soft glow came into the old grandmother's eyes,—"but I remember a boy something older than our Ned, to be sure, who was out one moonlight night, and took his father's horse and cutter from the stable and went on a sleighride over the hills."

Grandfather's face softened in expression, and the firm lines about the mouth relaxed their sternness, as he stroked grandmother's silver hair, and said dreamily, "I remember, too. Well, Ned, I guess, the world over, that the boys of our generation are pretty much the same as the boys of another—that the boys of to-day are not much worse than the boys of my time. Though I don't think that boy grandmother remembers so well, would have stolen his father's horse, had it not been for the witchery of the blue eyed girl who went with him."

"Nor I wouldn't have left the cottage, sir," cried Ned, rubbing his eyes, "if Nellie Saunders hadn't went riding down the hill with Bill Bross, on his ugly old sled. And you see I had promised her a ride on mine, and they shouted, and laughed, and called me a milk sop, and you a muff; and I only wanted to show them,"—and Ned fell to rubbing his eyes with renewed energy.

"I tell you, mother, I have always had a great reverence for that story of George Washington and his little hatchet. They tell us now-a days that it is all a myth. I almost think it is since you have reminded me of that other boy's failings. But I am sorry the money is gone, for with it goes the old place. It is a great loss to us. Little that dog Fido cares, though; how he plays! What is he shaking, Ned?"

Ned started for the dog; and the dog started across the room, ready as usual for a frolic. Stopping in a corner now and then, to give his prize a shake, Ned caught him, and shouted joyfully,—

"O grandfather, it is the money!"

Yes, Fido was the thief. He had pulled down the stocking and had carried it under an old lounge in the room to hide it, when he was discovered in the act of pulling it out.

Grandfather was pleased that the money was found; but no one was more delighted than Ned. He remembered the incident through life as a lesson. And ever after, there could be found no boy more particular about doing as he was told, or about always telling and acting the exact truth, than was Ned Davis.—*Young Folks' Rural.*

## The Mud Turtle and Ghost.

Three small boys, Harry, Sammy, and Tommy, eight, nine and ten years of age, last summer went down to Jabish brook, where they had what they called "a bully good swim." Their swimming consisted in crawling about with their hands on the bottom of the brook where it was shallow, making great splashing with their feet, and then shouting, "Hi! Hi! see me swim!" though none of them could swim a stroke. They nevertheless tried to make each other believe they were very proficient in the art. Boys are not easily fooled, and so I suppose that neither of these deceived the other, but, like some men, perhaps they deceived themselves.

After they had paddled about in the water for three or four hours in the heat of the day, till their skins were well tanned, Harry, the ringleader of the party, proposed that they should go out. No quicker said than done! In a minute they were all standing on one leg, jumping up and down to shake the water out of their ears. This done, they hurried on their clothes, without stopping to wipe themselves, and were soon ready to push for home.

They had all started, when Harry turned and threw a stone into the water. No sooner had it plumped to the bottom than from a deep hole sprang a huge mud-turtle. He came out on shore, and with his ugly looking mouth wide open, toddled for the boys. They were a little frightened at first, and ran a few steps; but their courage suddenly returning, they each picked up a stick and gave him such a drubbing that he was glad to run back to the water, into which he fell with a thud. Then again he faced his enemies. The boys thrust their sticks at him, and he caught one in his mouth and held on so tight that when they all pulled together at it they hauled the huge fellow clear out of the water upon the land.

Then Sammy, quick as flash, seized hold of his tail and flopped him over. It was fortunate that Sammy did this, otherwise, some of them might have been severely bitten; but lying flat upon his back, the turtle was perfectly helpless. The boys now found in the driftwood a wide board about five feet long. They pushed him upon it, shouldered him, and bore him off in triumph.

It was nearly a mile to their house, and most of the way was up hill. The little fellows sweat prodigiously, for the turtle was very heavy; but at last they deposited their burden in a huge tub where they supposed he would be safe. Very soon after he was weighed by the boys' fathers. Guess how much he weighed? Fifty-three pounds, boys, as sure as I live. You may be certain that for a fresh water turtle he was a perfect monster.

The father of one of the boys was also considerable in size, weighing on Fairbank's scales two hundred and fifty pounds. Drinking rather too much beer that day, about twelve o'clock in the night he woke, you may be sure very thirsty. He got up, lit his pipe, and in his night cap and long night-gown, went groping about the house for a drink of water. The pan was empty, and so he went out of doors to the well and drew some.

When he had quenched his thirst he happened to think about the turtle, and went to the tub near by to look at him. Judge of his surprise to find the cover and the huge stone which had held it down both lying on the ground. He looked into the tub and found the captive had escaped. He immediately started in pursuit. Hurrying into the main street he spied the turtle running away as fast as possible; and, giving chase, soon overhauled him.

Now, as this man was running along, he was seen by two ladies on the opposite of the way. He was a ridiculous looking object in his night-dress, with a pipe in his mouth; and in front of him ran a huge mud-turtle. If the ladies had taken a good, square look at him, I am certain they would have laughed a great deal at his odd appearance; but no, they only gave one slight glance, and then ran screaming away, thinking him a ghost.

As soon as they got home they routed all the inmates of the house in which they boarded, telling them one after another, as fast as they appeared, that they had seen a spectre. Several of the men and three of the ladies sallied out in pursuit of the apparition and the crawling imp which the two scared ladies said they saw accompanying it. Of course no ghost was found, the street was all clear; Mr. H. having caught the mud-turtle, put him in his tub, and had gone back to bed. He had seen nothing of the ladies, and had not heard them scream.

The next day the whole town was talking about the ghost. In opinion people were divided. Some thought it was a real ghost that the ladies had seen; others believed it was all their imagination. Every one told all the ghost stories he could think of, and compared them with this, which seemed more real than any. The ladies were persons whose word could not be doubted, and the great thing in favor of their story was that there were two witnesses to it. In all the other ghost stories which were told only one person had had the honor of seeing the apparition.

At ten o'clock Mr. H. made his appearance, and inquired what was the matter. Twenty five people told him the story in one breath, and all differently. He thought for a few minutes and then, to the infinite amusement of the crowd assembled, told how he had been out in the night in pursuit of a mud turtle. This, to most people, was a sufficient explanation; still the two ladies stoutly maintained that Mr. H. was not the ghost they had seen, though they owned after a while that their ghost was a very fat one.

The story spread through all the adjoining country, and something new was added to it at every telling. Some had never heard it contradicted, and there are people, I presume, who believe the story even to this day.

I knew one man, a firm believer in ghost stories, who, soon after this occurred, went to California. He was an inveterate talker, and I dare say he has told this ghost story as being really true a hundred times to people along the Pacific coast.

This, I think, is a fair sample of the manner in which many ghost stories are manufactured and spread.

As for the mud-turtle, he was bought by a gentleman in the city of S., who gave nine dollars for him; and the boys bought books with the money.—*Our Young Folks.*

# Wit and Humor.

## AN ODE TO A ROOSTER.

Proud bird! thy voice, which murders sleep, I hear
Proclaim the hour to every drowsy ear;
No city time thou need'st to give the cue,
When midnight comes or when 'tis One or Two;
Prompt though, as Reed's clock, or thine, McGrew!

The lingering lover hears thy unwelcome crow,
Looks for his hat, and sighs 'tis time to go;
Halts at the door, Amanda's hand to grasp,
Halts at the gate, Amanda's waist to clasp,
Steals the shy kiss, and flustered quits the spot,
But inly damns all roosters—to the pot,

The dairyman, whom thy shrill larums rouse,
Bounce from their beds, and yawning seek the cows.
Consult the pumps, and fill the battered cans
With milk whose cream has risen in private pans;
Has risen, alas! to rise no more though pressed
To blush a creamy blush by Owen's test.

The huckster wakes from dreams of doubtful eggs
And frowsy butter, and bestirs his leg.
I hear his noisy cart go rattling by,
Ere morn comes dappling up the Eastern sky,
Or watchmen's billies cease to thresh the street,
To warn the rogues there's safety in retreat.

O Rooster, Rooster! if that huckster knew
What juicy broil, or roast, or savory stew
Thy plumes conceal, lord of the coxcomb race,
I'd miss thee soon from thy accustomed place—
Miss thee, nor weep to find my peace restored,
And thou from boring, made to please the board.

Contemplate, if thou canst, the happy change!
Borne by the cook triumphant from the range,
Thy well-browned sides with precious oil besmeared!
Sweeter than softened Aaron's holy beard;
What eyes would sparkle when thy form appeared!

The place of honor given thee at the feast,
No warmer welcome could await a guest.
Thy plump, fair breast, would beauty's lips disdain,
Or even of thy well formed limbs complain?
Nay, for such charm thou hast, that none would rail.
Should fate assign them nothing but the tail
'Tis better thus, than creep to rheumy age,
Domestic and relentless war to wage.
Uncertain when young Juniper may boost
The ancient Saturn from his royal roost.

Is this thy destiny, O cock of morn?
Doomed to thy harem and thy scanted corn.
The old hen's jest, the tender pullet's scorn?
A scurvy eating at thy pallid crest,
The gloss all vanished from thy ragged breast,
Thy spurs grow blunt, thine eyesight dim and bleared,
And not a single feather at thy rear!

For thee the weasel waits, the skunk for thee,
The stealthy cat, all prowlers that there be;
But shouldst thou happy 'scape—not snatched away
While life goes merry with the merry day—
Upon a dunghcap will, thou make thy bed,
And tearless mourners say, "I'm glad he's dead."
And add, in careless phrase, for passing fame,
"He'll not cut fat, perhaps, but he died game."
—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

## Taming of the Bridegroom.

Mr. Spillman had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr. S. remarked:

"I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spillman.

"No," quoth Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy."

"Say our dairy, Mr. Spillman."

"No, my dairy."

"Say our dairy, say our—" screamed she, seizing the poker.

"My dairy! my dairy!" yelled the husband.

"Our dairy! our dairy!" screeched the wife, emphasizing each word by a blow on the back of her cringing spouse.

Mr. Spillman retreated under the bed. In passing under the bedclothes his hat was brushed off. He remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a lull in the storm. At last his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell.

"What are you looking for?" exclaimed the lady.

"I am looking for our hat, my dear," said he.

## Josh Billings Under Oath.

Josh Billings being duly sworn, testifys az follers:

Eight wont go into six and have much ov ennything left over. Menny a young feller haz found out this sum in arithmetick bi trieing to git a number eight foot into a number six boot.

Virtue, in one respekt, iz like munny. That which we have to work the hardest for sticks to us the best.

Affektashun never improved eny body yet. It iz better to be a devil than a hypokrit.

I hav often heard thare waz men who knew more than they could tell, but I never met one. I have often met thoze who could tell a grate deal more than they kno, and waz willing to sware to it besides.

To be proof agin flattery, a man must hav no vanity, and such a man never existed; ef he did, he iz now one ov the lost arts.

Sum people are good simply bekauze they are too lazy to be wicked, and others bekauze they hant got a good chance.

In munny, interest phollows the principal; in morals, principle often phollows the interest.

Yu will notis one thing—the devil seldum offers to go into partnership with a dizzy man, but yu will often see him offer few line the lazy man, and furnish all the kapitel.

Love iz about the only pashun ov the heart, that i kan think ov now, that never makes enny mistakes that she can be held accountable for. If yu wez a going tew try pure love for a crime, what court would you take her before?

"In time ov pence prepare for war." This iz the way sum familys live all the time.

The vices which a man kontrakts in hiz youth, however much he may shake them oph, will often call on him thru life and seek to renew hiz acquaintance.

Every man haz hiz pholiye, but thare iz this difference—in the poor man, they look like crimes, while, in the rich man, they only appear few be eccentricitys.

Old age inkreases us in wisdom and also in rumatism.

I kno to az ov pholks who are pious jist bekauze they wez born so. They hant tell when they got religion, and if they should loose it, they wouldn't kno it.

When fortune pipes, we must dance. It aint always that she iz in tune.

I think the honesty ov man is often the effekt ov policy than principle.

There iz only one kind ov folks who kan keep a secret good, and they never take any to keep.

The man who iz wicked enough tew be dreaded iz a safer man to community than the man who iz just virtewous enuff not to be suspected.

Hypocrasy iz always humble.

Gravity don't prove enny thing. If a man iz really wize, he don't need it, and, if he ain't wize he shouldn't hav it.

There iz no excuse whatever for the insolence ov wealth; there may possibly be for the insolence ov poverty.

Don't forget one thing, mi boy—that when five men kall yu a suckcess, and one man kalls yu a failure, that the one man's testimony iz what teiches the jury.

Lazyness iz the fust law of natur; self preservation iz the seckond.

Yu kant konvert sinners bi preaching the gospel to them at half price. Enny sinner who iz anxious tew git hiz religion in that way, iz, satisfied with a poor artikle.

## The Hen Scratches Where She Expects to Find a Bug.

Fellow sisters, brethren; women and children, generally and particularly speaking. You needn't hustle any pages for the text, for it ain't there. It is a special dispensation to your appointed pastor, and he hurls it at you for what it is worth. "Where the hen scratches there she expects to find a bug." Did you come from the race track of the world to parade your "trotting harness" before the meek and lowly? Have you dropped the dazzling rattles of business and pleasure to wile an idle hour away in listening to the mournful melody that is rung by angel hands from the sacred harps that hangs forgotten on the drooping willows of mortality? Or are you tussening with the arch enemy for the almighty dollar? Verily, I say unto you where the hen scratches there she expects to find a bug.

My drowsy hearers, we are a lot of damaged goods, trying to palm ourselves off upon each for more than market value; and the old firm of Time, Death & Co., is doing a heavy commission business upon our stock in trade. I hear the mallet of Death, with its mechanical tap, tap, and stolid monotone of "going, going," and the next moment down it will come upon some of our unconscious heads, and we shall be folded up like the tents of the Arabs, and as silently borne away to the other side of Jordan where the dry goods man refrains from troubling, and the grocer has nothing to say, and the weary hen ceases from scratching, and the precious bug is found. In the midst of life we are in debt, says a noble prophet, who was near kin to your beloved pastor. If any of you are tempted to tarry in the tavern of life, and fail to settle your account with the landlord, may the text rise up before you like a fabulous Arabian hero, only to rest from the rough and tumble giant, and deter you from that sink of utter depravity where bummers lead trustful hens to scratch up the bugs they devour.

Your undivided attention is furthermore solicited to the signification of the text, metaphorically and collectively, in small packages to suit every capacity, from the boy shucking peanuts peaceably in the corner, to the hardened sinner who talks so proudly in your pastor's presence. And woe upon you young woman, sea-swang up the broad aisle with your bonnet and streamers a flying, for your vanity of vanities. And you young men in your family neck clothes, go on until you slip up over a bale of cotton and are left to drift away over the broad brimstone sea of national disgrace, a bye-word and jest that you love not wisely but too well. No, beloved, I warn you now, if you manifest symptoms of such cowardice as has been handed down to you from high places, the biggest pair of stoga boots in this congregation shall rise up in judgment against you, and kick you out into the broad road that leads to everlasting ruin.

And finally when you cut the crust from your brown bread loaf, and scrape the hard beans from the top of your noon-tide pot, if you cut a little below the crisp for the beggar's and outcast's portion, your conscience and digestion will trouble you less; and as you steal out, as some of you will to-night, where the silver moon of memory hangs over the haunted hills of the past, and bow at some hallowed finger-post that points the way a beloved one went over your broken heart to heaven, may the eternal verdure of the ever green hope spring up in the barren spots trod hard by the busy feet of the absorbing Now, and bring you to the sweetness of that peace and the tenderness of that love that overflows continually in deeds and words, for the elevation of ragmuffins who march in the rear ranks of the great army of humanity; for the barbarians are not all in ragged file, but "many a gem of purest ray serene" wants but lifting from the filth to shine. So mote it be. Brother Slowfast, circulate the platter for the root of evil, until it is all rooted out of this place. For verily I say unto you, the hen that scratches here expects to find a bug. Shell out.

## How they Fell in Love.

They had "grown up" together, in the full sense of the term, and that was the matter. They had eaten each other's mud pies, taken the croup in each other's snow forts, cried out the sums on each other's slates, tipped over each other's ink bottles, sopped up the ink with their mutual handkerchiefs, "told" of each other in about equal proportions, and "made up" in a common exuberance of sobs and sassafras. They had played at lovers behind the woodpile, been married by the prize speaker, been divorced by the "first base," been reunited by the minister's daughter, and gone to housekeeping in the pest swamp, at regular intervals, as far back as their memory extended. She had blue eyes and never understood vulgar fractions. He used to miss, so that she might get to the head of the class.

One day she braided her hair in two little braids behind, and tied it with a pink lute string ribbon at three cents a yard. When they walked home together he touched it gently, to signify his approbation, and she blushed like a May flower. It could not have been long after that before she grew shy at singing school, and was apt to be going home with her brother. In another year, when he went to St. David's College, she cried herself to sleep, forgot to crimp her hair, and said nothing was the matter.—So, of course, when he came home on his first vacation, it all happened as it could not very well help happening, and as I suppose it must go on happening to the end of all young things' dreaming or old ones' warning. She sat in the choir in a blue dress with white spots, with a pink bonnet and pink cheeks, and sang in a very sweet little country voice, that quivered and curled about the pillars of the sunny white meeting-house like an incense in an open field on a May day, you might have thought, and you might not. He, grown rather tall, rather quiet, with long hair, and the unmistakable St. David's shawl, sat below in his father's box pew—and listened.

One Sunday it chanced that the Rev. Mr. Love, the recently settled and very popular shepherd of the 'meeting house' felt moved in the spirit to present to his flock a sermon upon Christian amity, and to suggest as its most fitting musical accompaniment hymn 857 of the "sweet Singer of Israel" (just introduced.) Ah, you excellent mothers of washing days on your minds, and ye fathers struggling to keep your faith under the discovery of Tom's first cigar, do you never suspect in your stupid good hearts, the tears of solid comfort rolling into your spectacles as you sing, and your souls aglow with all the hidden meanings of fellowship in the one Master whom they who love no never know—do you never suspect the flirtations conducted over that admirable hymn? It may be very much too bad, but it is very much too easy. It is quite as bad a sin to set the sacrilege to your young people.—Bless your indignant souls, they stand in need of no suggestion. Ask them. I do not deny that it is atrocious in me to spoil the hymn for you; but that is another matter. She then, in her blue and white dress, with a sunbeam struggling through a little ground glass gallery window upon her pink bonnet, sang:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

It struck him that her voice was less like incense now, and more like melted silver; which was a very good fancy, by the way, and he would make a note of it against some indefinite exigencies as class orator.

"Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares,"

faltered the little silver voice; and so tinkled into this:

"When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,"

and he, turning round with the audience, back to the Rev. Mr. Love, as was the fashion in the Bloomsbury First Church, lifted his face to hers, and their foolish young eyes met—met and dropped, and the work was done—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

# Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7, 1871.

The return of the President yesterday, after his long absence from the Capital, is, of course, an occasion of gratulation among the people of Washington and will tend still more to the restoration of our accustomed sensational life. I may add that our large hotel, which has been closed all summer, has been transferred to new hands and will be re-furnished and newly painted against the incoming of the long Congress, so that those who have a penchant for Willard's can be again accommodated.

Judge Bond having closed his court at Raleigh for a season, the Ku-Klux appear to breathe freer, and we have word that many who had fled to the mountains and woods to avoid arrests are creeping out from their hiding places in the expectation that they will not be molested. The new arrests in South Carolina are preparatory to scenes in that State similar to those just enacted at Raleigh. Judge Bond goes down there to preside, and the "Invisible Empire" trembles for its authority.

In North Carolina the Ku Klux still make loud threats, and have recently assailed some of the witnesses against them, but they no longer feel strong, and the full effect of the recent convictions is not yet felt as it will be. A correspondent at Raleigh writes that the lower classes of the Democracy are excited against the leaders, because the latter have sought to shield themselves at the expense of their tools. The wealthy leaders have not been at all forward to assist those who are in trouble, and Shotwell, the leader in the Justice raid, threatens to disclose unwelcome secrets if the State leaders do not act speedily for his pardon, and shield him from the punishment to which he has been sentenced. He and the chief criminals in the Justice raid are to serve out their terms in the Albany penitentiary. The short sentences will be inflicted in the prisons at home.

A letter received here from North Carolina says that the more conservative of the Democracy are going over to the Republicans and are uniformly for Grant. The changes in some counties are marked and important, and the State will give its vote to the Republican nominees at the Presidential contest.

The business of professional lying has been tried on General Meigs who was lately assailed by a letter-writer of the sensational type, because he had specified in all his lettings the use of Seneca stone, he being a stockholder in the Seneca quarry to the amount of $9,000. The General replies, over his own signature, that the lettings referred to do not specify the use of Seneca stone exclusively as asserted, and that he is not nor never was a stockholder in this or any other quarry to the amount of a single dollar.

The business of the dead-letter office may be inferred from the fact that in September the number of letters returned to the office for misdirection, &c., was 310,074. Of these 160,000 were returned to the writers, and contained remittances amounting in the aggregate to $5,837. This is at the rate of 40,000 letters per year. These letters have all been blunderingly mis-directed or unstamped.

The news from Brigham Young causes very little sensation here. There are those who think a collision with the Mormons is unwise; but if it comes no one doubts how it is to end. The courts in Utah will be as thoroughly protected as they have been in North Carolina. Brigham's kingdom is no longer isolated and shut out from the world. The Pacific Railroad opens a way for the speedy dispatch of troops and arms, and if he ventures on a course of hostility he will have to accept the result.

The general prosperity of the country is a matter of rejoicing; but there has hitherto been one exception. The shipping interest, ever since the war, has been depressed, and has never recovered from the hard blows that it received from the Alabama and other piratical craft.—But you may have noticed a change within a few days past. The commercial news from New York, indicates that there is greater activity in freights, and that the call for vessels is beyond the supply. We may therefore, look for a revival in the ship yards, and a return to former conditions.

The *Chronicle* this morning, in commenting on the Ku Klux trials says—"Justice will be done at last. Grant took Petersburg and Sherman reached Raleigh. It required time, but they did it. It will be so with the Ku Klux. Justice and judgment are after them. The 'realms' will be invaded and the murderers clad in broad cloth will be dragged forth to punishment. We are a little glad."

BUCKEYE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10, 1871.

There is one feature of the present administration which, if not peculiar, is more marked than has been usual, with preceding administrations; and that is its unity. Gen. Jackson broke up his first cabinet and reconst it on a new basis, because it would not act together. Gen. Pierce made a cabinet out of the chiefs of the various factions, bringing together the extreme men of the North and South, East and West, Wm. L. Marcy, as Secretary of State, and Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War. Mr. Lincoln had a cabinet that was held together only by the advantages which its high position offered for promotion, and which never heartily supported his most prominent measures. Mr. Seward began by undertaking to run the whole government. Mr. Cass wrote to his friends that he had nothing to do with shaping public measures and attended simply to his own department. Mr. Bates was a cold conservative; and Mr. Blair kept his place and played assistant to Mr. Lincoln till he dropped back into private life, and then went over to the Democrats and furnished them with state secrets to break down the measures for which he had stood God-father. As to Mr. Johnson, he had throughout, a cabinet which supported him only by halves and one of which defied him and refused to deliver up his authority to another.

So far as the public can discover, there is nothing of these repulsions in the government of President Grant. To all appearance the members of his cabinet are in cordial harmony with their chief, and not only respect him, but love him. Even those who have dissolved their connection with his official family are frequently at his table, and are not only honored with a continuance of his friendship, but with important public trusts. Mr. Hoar was on the commission that negotiated the treaty of Washington.

You remember how cordially Mr. Delano spoke of the President in his Cleveland speech, and you may have noticed that the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of War speak and act in regard to him as if they entertained a feeling somewhat warmer than that of "high consideration." As for Mr. Fish, it is known here that he keeps his place out of pure affection for the President, and because he does not like to disoblige him by resigning; and if Mr. Boutwell is an exception, as the papers sometimes intimate, his nearest friends have failed to find it out. They all move and act as if they were a unit.

The great Chicago fire awakens sorrow and sympathy in all classes here, and before this reaches you they will take shape in some substantial form of relief. The President's order to Gen. Sheridan preceded all applications, and is an earnest of what more he will do when the proper opportunity offers.

The hard sentence against Paymaster Hodge has been approved, with the exception of that part which keeps him in prison till the forfeited funds are restored, which the President remits. Ten years in the Penitentiary at hard labor is a fearful retribution. May others learn the lesson which it teaches.

The North Carolina Democracy did not know how very unwelcome their confession would be to their brethren in the North, or they would hardly have made it so broad. In their letter to Judge Bond in behalf of the unconvicted scoundrels yet to be tried, they say: "The fact that a secret, unlawful organization, called the Ku Klux or Invisible Empire, exists in certain parts of the State has been manifested in the recent trials before the court over which you preside." They then go on to speak of it exactly as if they believed in its existence and assure the Judge that "before the November term of the Circuit Court (they) believe that this unlawful organization will be effectually suppressed."

Such language must sound very strangely in the ears of certain members of Congress and other leaders of the party who have so stoutly declared that there was no such order, and that the Ku Klux law was a needless violation of the rights of innocent men. Of course, they knew they were lying all the time; but they hardly expected their Southern allies to bear this testimony against them.

The Marshall Johnson, of South Carolina, who is the subject of so much newspaper gossip and so many deputations to Washington, is a son of the old half-and-half Maryland Senator, Hon. Reverdy Johnson. He is charged with being in league with the Ku Klux, and of refusing to carry out the act for the suppression of that secret order. The President refuses to accept the charges, as yet, the Marshall being sustained by Senator Sawyer. But he is probably a small chip of the old block.

Catecazy and lady will be here to-morrow to make arrangements for the reception of the Grand Duke Alexis. He is not on good terms with the President and Secretary of State, but will be tolerated till the distinguished guest has departed.

The successor to the late Professor Mahan at West Point is Major Julius B. Wheeler. He was born in North Carolina, but was faithful to the flag during the war.

The Alabama Commission has been a little delayed by the tardy action of Brazil; but it is understood that the steamer of the 23d will bring the appointment of the missing Commissioner. The Emperor has waited till the adjournment of the Deputies because his appointment would be open to question by that body.

The Colonization Society's vessel goes out for Liberia to-morrow, giving free passage and subsistence to all accepted emigrants to the western coast of Africa.

BUCKEYE.

## QUEEN VICTORIA A SPIRITUALIST.

### She Holds Communication With the Late Prince Albert.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

Whatever may be the truth in regard to the report that Queen Victoria intends to abdicate the throne of England, it is known that she has been laboring for some years past under at least one phase of mental infirmity. She has a firm conviction that Prince Albert is always present with her, and that she can hold communion with him. Her private rooms are arranged as they were when he was alive. His chair is placed opposite to her own in the library, and the books which he delighted to read to her are arranged lovingly in order, upon their table. In some of her moods she will converse with him for an hour together, conducting her own share of the conversation aloud, and with the vigor and interest of old times. He had taught her by his example, the success of his business enterprises—especially by his management of the Duchy of Cornwall—to superintend as much as possible all her private affairs herself; to reduce all unnecessary expenditures, and to forbid extravagance. Hence, the greatest simplicity is observes at the Queen's table, and she imagines that her husband looks on well pleased. At times when she is more than ordinarily impressed with a sense of his presence, the poor, fond woman will order a knife and fork to be placed on the dinner table for him, and cause the attendants to place every course before the empty chair as if the master still occupied it. Every morning a pair of boots are cleaned and set down against the door of the chamber which he once occupied; and at breakfast, when in Scotland, she will often sit a long time in silence, waiting for the Prince.

The Queen's strong belief in the communion of the living of the spirits of the dead, she received, no doubt, from Prince Albert himself, who was a sort of theosophist—a something between Jacob Behmen, the mystic, and J. G. Fichte, the philosopher of transcendentalism. Whatever may be thought of it as a theory of philosophical or religious belief by sober common-sense people, it is to Victoria a source of great consolation, and she often talks with the Prince concerning the state of the soul after death. She has been gradually withdrawing from public life for some years past, and lives in a world of her own. Her harp and her easel are both neglected, and she neither sings, plays, nor paints, except at rare intervals, when she will sweep her harp strings for a few moments in memory of some sweet German air that her husband loved to sing or to hear sung.

Gilman, Ill., is pleasantly agitated by a late elopement. The lover went after his girl in a light vehicle with muffled wheels, while an accomplice drove a heavier machine adapted to making as much noise as possible. The lady being duly deposited in the muffled vehicle, the noisy one dashed off at a furious rate, with pepsin hot pursuit, while the lovers were noiselessly driving in the opposite direction and shortly became and were.


AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED for Middleton's splendid colored National Oil Portraits, Washington, Martha Washington, &c.; also for the beautiful chromos, "Christ Blessing Little Children," and "Asking a Blessing," a scene at the breakfast table of an American farmer, after the Illustrations. F. O. O. Darley. For circular address HOWE & CLENDENING, 135 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. oct5-w4t—70 (6)

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
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aug1w13w—71.

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WANTED—AGENTS, ($20 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the *"lock-stitch"* (alike on both sides,) and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep9wly-78

$150 A MONTH! EMPLOYMENT! EXTRA INDUCEMENTS! A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $30 00 Schuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low priced, licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo. jan15wly-84

WANTED—AGENTS FOR LIFE IN UTAH Being an EXPOSE of the SECRET RITES AND MYSTERIES OF MORMONISM. With a full and authentic history

# Farm and House.

For the BLADE.

## AUTUMN.

BY EARLE INGLE.

All hail, thou golden autumn,
Full manhood of the year,
Through months of sultry summer
We've held thy coming dear;
And now in halcyon beauty
Thy gray flecked skies appear.

The lazy, dreaming sunshine
Has lost its burning rays,
In morning's misty freshness,
In midday's misty haze,
Sweetly, the birds sing through it,
Their happy roundelays

The farmer ever busy,
On steep hill-side or plain,
Now whistles o'er his labor,
Some thankful, glad refrain;
To him thou bringest pleasure,
In fields of ripened grain.

The hunter swings his rifle
Across his sturdy arm,
And hies him where the wild deer
Dwells, dreaming not of harm;
For him the changing forest,
Holds thy especial charm.

To all, thy hand is open;
All may from thee obtain
Thy boundless store of gladness,
Or summer's promised grain;
And when thy leave thou takest,
We'll sing in saddened strain.

Farewell, thou golden autumn,
Full manhood of the year,
We see with heart felt sorrow,
Thy blue skies disappear;
Thy glories, fading, falling
Into the old and sere.

## Questions and Answers.

A Subscriber, Milford, Riley county, Kansas, submits the following:

FRUIT TREE PESTS.

I want to know what is good to keep the worms out of fruit trees. I mean the worm that we are troubled with in this country, which eats the peach tree. It works in the roots and kills the tree.

What will keep the worm out of the apple tree, the one that works under the bark and eats around the tree and kills it?

Is there any thing that can be put on trees to keep the rabbits from eating them without tying them up?

What time in the year is best to trim peach trees?

Nearly all of these questions have been answered in the BLADE, but they are referred, in their present shape, to those who have had experience in the departments mentioned.

HOW TO KEEP CIDER.

John F. Miller, of Turner, Clay county, Kansas, writes: What must I do to keep cider sweet? How shall I keep potatoes over winter?

TO FLAVOR SYRUP.

Boiler, Wanatah, Ind, asks:

"Can you tell me what is put into common syrup to give it the flavor of maple, or any other flavor that is better than sorgho, if so, how much to the gallon?"

TO REMOVE IRON RUST.

Mrs. C. Holmburg, McPherson, Kansas writes: "I noticed in your paper an inquiry as to what would remove iron rust from linen or muslin. Oxalic acid mixed with four times its bulk of water; wet the rusty parts in this solution and place the article in the sun, or if this cannot be done, near a hot fire, or put the article in the solution hot. The solution must be kept in an earthen or glass vessel."

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS.

M. A. Hooker, of McLeansboro, Illinois, submits the following answer to the question, "How to get rid of rats," by Mr. Beers, in the BLADE of August 17: Build your dwelling houses and outbuildings 18 inches above the ground, and make your floors double, and have no underpinning. Procure two or three little dogs, and I will insure that you will not have a rat in two weeks on your place, if you have no harbor for them.

Mr. H. asks the following questions: Can any one tell me how to get a 20 acre lot in apple trees, considering that I am not able to buy the trees? Is grafting or planting the seed the best?

Will some one tell me how to get rid of tobacco worms without having to pick them off the plants and kill them?

Are our Hoosier boys willing to tell us how to manage water melons in order to make them come in as early as they do in the Wabash bottom?

Where can I get seed for hedging, and what are they worth per bushel?

HOW TO GET A CHEAP LAMP.

Get a quinine bottle, cost 5 cents, take it to a tinshop and tell the workman to put in a tube of tin through the stopper, and cover the top with tin and turn the edge down around the bottle so as to make a good fit. Take cotton thread and make a wick, and you have a complete lamp, costing only 15 cents, (as the workman will only charge 10 cents for fixing it.) This is from the correspondent named above.

A CRADLING PROBLEM.

E. C. Danby, New York, forwards the following: "Supposing two men with their cradles go into a square field containing ten acres, to harvest it. Both cut the same width swath. One man takes the lead, cuts out, and starts in again before the other gets out, and so on until the field is cut. Now which cuts the most, and how much?"

RYE WITH TWO HEADS.

A subscriber, Manorville Armstrong Co, Pa., writes: "In the Correspondence Column of the BLADE of last week, 'Subscriber, Mich.,' says he has found a stalk of rye with two heads on it and asks: 'Was there ever such a thing found before?' I believe I can say truthfully, that I have seen hundreds of 'double heads of rye,' as they are called in this section. When I was a boy, on my father's farm, I often heard the harvest hands say that it was a sign of good luck, to find a double head of rye; and when any one found such a head, he would stick it under his hat band, and I have seen men in the harvest field with a number of them in their hats at the same time. In fact they are so common in this section, that I was quite surprised at Subscriber's' question."

RAISING HOGS.

H., Essiport, Maine, asks: Can you inform me how many hogs I might expect to raise yearly, from one hundred sows, the cost of caring for and feeding, until ready for market. What I might reasonably expect to realize from their sale, the risk of losses. How much land will be required. I propose to go to Platt Co., Mo., to engage in hog raising.

BLIGHT IN FRUIT TREES.

G. T. Bryan, Savannah, Mo., submits the following questions: "1st. What is the cause of blight in fruit trees, and 2d What is the remedy? These questions are of considerable importance to fruit growers, especially those at the West. Please submit them to the many readers of your valuable paper."

GRAPES IN THEIR NATURAL STATE.

Mr. Geo. Conney, Tipton, Cedar county, Iowa, desires to know how grapes are kept in their natural state? Whether they are kept in cellars or put up in boxes? I know they are put up and kept very nicely on Kelley's Island. Many of your readers I suppose would know all about the matter and can give me any information.

WHEN TO PLANT GOOSEBERRY SEED.

Subscriber, New St. Louis, Kansas, asks: Will you or some of your correspondents inform me through the People's column, at what time and in what manner to plant gooseberry seed?

HOW TO BUILD AN ICE HOUSE.

J. A. P. Livermore writes: I have noticed in your paper a party asking for the best plan to build an ice house. Well, I will give you a plan that I built one on last fall, and several parties that saw my house and had houses built, told me that it would not keep ice. To-day I have plenty of ice, and am selling ice to some of the people that said my ice house would not answer the purpose. My ice has proved to keep the best of any ice about this country; so my ice house must be good—at least every person thinks so now. My house is built all of boards. It is 18 by 22 feet, 9 feet high; 16 foot boards cut in two is the hight; the lining is 18 inches deep; that is packed with tan bark, well stamped down at one end. I have 5 feet taken off for a place to keep butter and such things. The partition between the ice and the cooler, is only 8 inches thick. The division next to the weather is 8 inches. The door is packed the same as the sides, and is 8 inches thick. Over the top of the cooler are boards, covered with tan bark. There is a door at one corner to get the ice out. There is no floor in the part the ice is in, but a small drain is dug and covered, and then I have from 8 to 12 inches of tan bark put on the ground; then about 4 inches of saw dust, and then it is ready for packing. The cooler has a floor in it, but is filled under with tan bark up to the boards. Pack your ice against the sides, and frosty nights throw water over the ice and fill up the cracks, and then cover the ice with saw dust 15 or 18 inches, and as the ice thaws away from the sides, as it will for awhile, take a pole and stamp the saw dust down the sides, and as soon as you get that done, it will not melt any more. If the ice house is built as described above, and the ice well packed, I will guarantee the ice to keep.

### Fall Treatment of Breeding Ewes.

If the ewes have been at all reduced by suckling their lambs through the summer, immediately after their milk is dried up, efforts should be made to gain a thrifty condition by the time the coupling season commences. A sufficient reason for this is, they can be wintered easier and cheaper if put into high condition before the extremely cold and stormy weather begins. But additional reasons are to be found in the fact that they will take the ram more readily, and be more likely to get with lamb—no inconsiderable item if choice rams are used, and it is desirable to get as much service from a single animal as possible. They will shear heavier fleeces the following season, with better length and strength, than it stunted "from grass to corn."

No matter how good the pasturage, we have found it profitable to feed from one-half to one bushel of corn daily to each hundred breeding ewes, for ten days before, and during the coupling season. This was usually thrown to them in the ear, when they were through grazing, or just before sunset. We preferred this, as the stronger animals were not so likely to injure the weaker ones by crowding, or themselves by over-eating. Under such treatment, we have from a thousand ewes, picked out and bred as many as four hundred the first week.

Following this course, lambs will drop the following spring as fast as any sheep-farmer, with but ordinary facilities, can properly care for them. "Teasers" put into the flock every morning, before turning to pasture, will, in a short time, find most of the ewes that are rutting. These can be picked out by the shepherd as fast as found, and placed in a separate pen, to be attended to while the large flock is grazing. The animals that have been bred should be marked and kept by themselves until the entire flock has been served. This saves much labor and annoyance to both shepherd and sheep.

We have always had the best "luck" during the lambing season, with the flock that was in the highest condition in the spring—losing the fewest ewes while weaning, and the fewest lambs from lack of milk or refusal of dam to "own" them. And so it will be found, we doubt not, with flock masters generally. Not only are the lambs from such ewes worth double as much as the increase from a flock dragged through the winter in a half starved condition, but they will not require half the labor and attention to bring them to maturity. Uniformity in the size of the different animals in a flock can be secured in no other way so readily as by liberal feeding and proper attention during the coupling and weaning seasons.—*American Stock Journal.*

### Storing Winter Apples.

A correspondent of *Lewes of Life*, who claims to have had extended experience, is "decidedly of the opinion" that apples keep far better when put into close boxes or barrels, and secluded as much as possible from the air. When thus stored, he says they will come out in the spring full and plump as when taken from the tree. Many varieties, as the Talman Sweet, Spitzenberg, and those kinds that are not considered as long keepers, and shrivel badly, will do well treated in this way. I have, he continues, found universally, that they keep better to let them lie without picking over. It is much better to pile them into a large bin across the cellar, say six or seven feet high and four or five feet wide; and cover them up tight; than to lay them on the shelves. I once saw such a bin that the man had kept through the winter. About the first of April he thought he would open the windows on the side of the cellar next to the bin to let in the air, that they might keep better. I was at his place and he called my attention to the fact. Two windows just over the bin were opened about ten days or two weeks, and the apples exactly opposite the windows were about one-third rotten for as much as a foot in depth, and the remaining part on either side were not rotten at all. Another instance: A neighbor of mine had about five hundred bushels in a pile in a cellar. As they became a little specked he commenced picking them over; when about half done, got tired, and concluded to let them go. When marketed about six weeks after, found that about one third of those picked over were not fit for market, while all but about one-twentieth of the others were good. This I have seen in numerous instances. If you wish to try the experiment, make a box as tight as a carpenter can make it, and when picking from the orchard, fill it and nail it fast. Let it lie in the orchard till it is in danger of freezing; then put it in the cellar. Put the same quantity on shelves for trial. I am pretty sure one experiment will convince.

### Chicken Cholera.

This disease, which had very much abated, has been again largely on the increase the present season. We have heard of many persons losing their whole flocks, some of them containing imported and very valuable birds. It is not confined to low places, but on high and dry locations has been as severe as on the the others. Like the cholera epidemic affecting the human subject, its course is erratic and inexplicable. Many farms are skipped over and others alighted on, without discoverable cause. One thing appears settled—there is no cure for chicken cholera. The only remedy would seem to be prevention. If it is prevailing in any neighborhood, or whether it is or not, the poultry should have occasional access to water strongly impregnated with iron. This may be brought about by letting it stand for a time in an iron vessel or where old pieces of iron, nails, etc., have been allowed to rust. This iron water undoubtedly acts as a tonic. Another preventive remedy is carbolic acid. This has the remarkable power of preserving organic matters from mould and decay, and checks fermentation and putrefaction when present in the minutest quantity. If, as some suppose, epidemic and malignant diseases arise from invisible animalcules floating in the atmosphere, it would account for the action of carbolic acid, which is certainly fatal to any form of insect life.

One of our friends in the far South, told us some time since, that by watering the shrubbery and dense growth of vines and creepers around the porches and verandas of southern dwelling houses, in the evening, with a solution of carbolic acid, they had frequently escaped the yellow fever, when their neighbors were attacked.

One of our poultry breeders in Montgomery county, who had lost nearly all his chickens by the cholera, informs us that after using the solution freely in his poultry house and on the roosting places, he had not lost a single one. The disease appeared to be at once checked. Car bolic acid can be purchased at the drug stores for 75c to $1 per pound. For disinfecting purposes about one ounce may be used to ta gallon of water.—*Practical Farmer.*

### Concrete Garden Walks.

We have been frequently asked whether there is a cement that will be durable on walks, that will keep the grass from growing through them. There are so many different methods of making concrete or cement walks, that it is a difficult matter to decide which one is the best.—The cost of materials that enter into the construction of walks also varies greatly, and that which is the cheapest in one locality may be the most expensive in another. All these circumstances must be taken into consideration whenever reading of or attempting to lay down chesp and durable walks. Where coal tar can be obtained, a good, durable walk can be made by filling in 4 to 6 inches in depth of broken stone and gravel. Make the surface level, and spread on a thin coat of hot coal tar; sift on fine sand or coal ashes; repeat the operation until three or four coats of tar are applied; roll or beat down each coat, and sift on as much sand or gravel as will adhere.

Another method:—Take about equal parts of coal ashes and old slacked lime, (from an old wall will answer;) sift into a heap; make a hole in the centre and pour in hot coal tar, and mix as you would mortar. Let the heap remain a few days or until it begins to stiffen, and then spread upon the walk bed 2 to 4 inches thick; roll down and sprinkle the surface with fine sand or gravel. If applied when first mixed, it will stick to the shovels and spades used, and it is quite difficult to handle, but after a few hours it becomes more like mortar.

A cheaper walk can be made as follows:—Take two barrels of freshly slacked lime, and one of good cement, and mix with water, as for mortar. Spread this over a good foundation of broken stone and gravel. As it hardens, roll down smooth.—*Ex.*

### The Vineyard—Work for October

After the grapes have been gathered and the leaves have fallen it will be of great use, and at the same time the best manure for the vines, to plow the ground up to the vines, covering all the leaves, weeds, etc. This will also prevent washing, as each row with its middle furrow serves as a surface drain, and in spring the ground will be mellow and loose. In the latter part of the month pruning may commence. In our next we will give some plain directions about this very important operation and the various methods, as applied to different varieties. It is much more agreeable to perform this work in fall, when the ground is dry, and we generally have the most delightful weather of the whole year, than in winter or spring, when the weather is bad and the ground is wet. The wood of valuable varieties may be cut into cuttings of about nine inches, tied in bundles and buried in pots with the top ends down, over which about six inches of ground is thrown. Cuttings made in fall are much to be preferred to those made in spring, as the wood has not been damaged by cold, and the more tender vines can then be laid down and covered much more easy.—*Iowa Homestead.*

### From Grass to Winter Feed.

The prudent sheep husbandman, as the biting of autumn weakens his pastures, will see to it that his flocks are plentifully, though gradually, supplied with corn or roots, or whatever is to constitute their winter food. No matter how strong the pasture may appear, we would advise that this additional feeding be not delayed beyond the first of November—for snow or cold rain storms are likely to overtake us any day, rendering strong and warm food necessary—and if the flocks are not at least partially accustomed to it, some animals will over eat, while others will not get a sufficiency.—Any one at all familiar with the handling of sheep need not be told of the bad effects that will result. We have known flocks so injured by a November storm that they could not be restored to their proper thrift during the entire winter following. A good judge of wool will readily detect the fleeces of such stock—as every sudden change in the condition of the sheep produces a "joint" in the fibres, rendering it totally unfit for use in manufacturing such styles of goods as require strength and elasticity in the material composing them.—*Stock Journal.*

### Hagerty, the Voucher Stealer.

The New York *Times* gives the following sketch of the suddenly and unwillingly famous Hagerty:

Mr. Edwin M. Hagerty is quite a young man, of good personal appearance and manners, and is invariably dressed in the most fashionable style. He was a member of the old Board of Councilmen and was subsequently elected as its clerk, but was soon replaced by Mr. William Maloney. He was a member of the American club, and was appointed to his present position of janitor of the new court house by Peter B. Sweeney, about two years ago. He is also said to be a favorite of Tweed's. Hagerty is under indictment conjointly with James Lynch and William Lampson, all of whom were inspectors of election, in the United States Circuit Court, on the charge of allowing about one hundred and fifty men whose names were not on the registry to vote at the last election. His wife is the keeper of a poultry and fruit stand in Washington Market, and is reputed wealthy. Hagerty has a brother, Mark Hagerty, on the police force, who is specially detailed to do duty in the mayor's office.

Old Israel Putnam's powder horn has been unearthed. It belongs to one L. E. Sleigh, of Washington county, N. Y. The horn is a large one, and on one side is the inscription: "Captain Israel Putnam's horn; made at Fort William Henry, November 10, A. D., 1756." Following this are the words: "A plan of the stations from Albany to Lake George," with a rude tracing of the several forts which formed that historic cordon.

When Henry Meigs was banker at San Francisco, a washerwoman deposited her $2,500 of savings with him, and it was there when Henry failed. A short time ago she read of his great possessions in Peru, and she packed up and went after him, presented her book and story, and received her money, principal and interest to date.

## THE INCUBRISTS OF THE RING.

### How New York Taxes are Increased.

The New York *Times* publishes a list, filling more than a column of that paper, of the sinecure office holders retained by the ring at the public expense. Tweed has the lion's share of the favorites, some of whom have held their positions for years, while others have enjoyed their well paid leisure only a few months. At a moderate computation, over six hundred of this class of persons have been paid by the city without doing any work. Here are a few specimens from the list of Tweed's assistants:

On the roll of the holders of sinecure positions in the Department of Public Works are the names of eighty-seven who are entitled "Clerks to the Commissioner" (Tweed.) One of the first is that of A. Spyrma, who is credited with two salaries—one of $100 a month, and the other of $83 33. No such name occurs in the City Directory, and it is thought to be mere "dummy."

M. F Dowley, practicing lawyer at No. 79 Nassau street, gets $100 a month, but does nothing except to act as President of the William Tweed, Jr., Association.

Robert White, publisher of the Sunday Democratic, recieves $75 a month as a reward for his influence in advancing the cause of young Tweed.

John F Coyle lives at Washington, D C., and was formerly editor of the National Intelligencer of that city. He never did a day's work as "Assistant Clerk" to Tweed, but is allowed $250 per month out of the city funds by the latter to remunerate him for advocating Hoffman's claims to the presidency among the politicians at the national capital.

Alfred Buckhout keeps a grocery store at Sing Sing, and enjoys a large patronage from the prison. He is brother-in-law of Gov. Hoffman, and gets $100 a month as Assistant Clerk. He is entirely unacquainted with the duties of that office, and is reported to draw his check in favor of some wholesale grocer in this city.

N. Shannon and E. R. Manderville are residents of Schuyler county. The first draws $150 per month and the second $166 66. They hold their sinecures on account of services rendered to Tweed at Albany.

William Bunnet gets $100 a month. He is believed to be a performer in one of the Broadway minstrel companies.

Among the names placed on the pay roll as Assistant Clerks, but which can not be found anywhere in the Directory, are L. A. Dempsey, James Myers, L. W. Martin, John Horton, Henry J. Jones, Henry Train, J. Hoyte, William M, Kenny, Patrick Finn, J. L. Hartiun, and several others.

There are fifty-four names set down on Tweed's roll as Water Police. This class of officials was created in 1863, during the rebellion, when an attempt was made to poison the Croton. The police were not needed long, but there are about a dozen who still pretend to stand guard over the Croton reservoirs. The rest of fifty-four do nothing but draw their money. The first on the list is the name of Thos. Connor, who was a pet of Chas. G. Cornell, the present Water Register. He was once an Alderman, but has been dead for nearly a year. He draws $100 a month.

Geo. Hill, commonly reported to be the noted gambler known as "Cooley Keys," is down for $166 66 a month.

"Dan" Kerrigan, supposed to be a brother of Col. "Jim" Kerrigan, and a habitue of gambling houses on the Bowery. He spent several months in Europe during the present year. He obtains $100 a month, but never attends to any work.

H. T. Marston is a lawyer on Broadway, formerly at No. 202, and was a Democratic candidate for the Assembly last fall. He gets a $150 a month through Tweed for doing nothing.

Dennis Leary, a professional boatman, at one time proprietor of an oyster and liquor saloon, gets $100 a month because Tweed thinks him "useful."

William O'Donnell appears on the roll for $150 a month. There is only one man of that name given in the City Directory as a clerk. He lives at No 6 William street.

Jas. G. Brinkham is supported by $250 a month. There is a man of that name at No. 334 Broome street, but the Directory does not give his occupation.

Henry Crossman is a non-resident, and his visits to this city are few and far between, but this does not prevent him from drawing $250 a month.

Maurice Daly is given $166 66 a month for the privilege of letting himself be called "Seventh General Clerk." There are two men of the name; one sells liquor at No. 680 Third avenue, and the other being the professional billiard player. The sinecure holder is believed to be the latter, as he is frequently seen in the society of politicians.

Andrew Devine is put down as the Second General Clerk, although he is known to be Tweed's private steuographer. He attends the "Boss" at Albany during the winter. He gets $208 33 from the city, but it is reported that his total salary amounts to $7,500 a year.

In the Clerk's office of the Board of Common Council there are fourteen clerks and assistants, but the only ones who pretend to do any work are Mr. Hardy, Mr. Twomey and two others. The sinecure clerks receive pay at the rate of $208 a month. A. J. Fullerton, a School Trustee in the Fourth Ward, is one of the number.

Daniel Conroy, a retired rum seller, used to receive $150 a month from the Department of Public Works. He never performed any work.

"Jim" Cusick, a celebrated pugilist, and a brother of "Joe" Coburn, are credited with holding places as court attendants under the ring. All they do is to draw $100 each month.

### College Discipline a Century ago.

The discipline at Clare College, at Cambridge, England, seems to have been wholesome but severe in the earlier part of last century, judging by the extracts from the "Register of Orders," or College order-book, given in the appendix to the second report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission just issued. The following entry appears on March 21, 1714: "Whereas it has been laudable custom, pursuant and agreeable to the statutes, to talk nothing but Latin within the hall during the time of dinner and supper, except on Sundays and holidays, and when any stranger is in the hall, which custom has of late been neglected, it is agreed upon by us that the said custom shall be revived and strictly observed for the future, under the penalty of one shilling for every offence committed against it at the fellow's table, and that the scholars shall be punished as they formerly were. But if, notwithstanding this penalty, any one shall persist in offending against this order, they shall be further proceeded against as the society shall appoint; and that the punishment extend to those who rise before grace at the several tables without the leave of the President of the fellow's table. It was also at the same resolved that no person belonging to the college shall be allowed to keep any dog within the college; and that the porter and other college servants shall be commanded to shoot or destroy any that bauk the college or are brought into it contrary to this order. And if any person shall oppose a servant in the execution of this order, or abuse him for it, they shall be forthwith rusticated, or further punished as the crime shall deserve."

The English postal telegraph system has been in operation about 15 months. It pays its way, and shows a balance to its credit of nearly four millions of dollars. It has increased telegraph accommodations. Before the transfer to the post office department less than one hundred and fifty towns had telegraphic facilities; now more than two thousand post offices distribute telegrams, and nearly as many railway stations have been added to the number.


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# To Correspondents.

W. H. S., encloses 50 cents for BLADE, but does not give any name or postoffice. We know nothing about the physician inquired for.

A SUBSCRIBER, Lone Tree, Nebraska, writes: "Will you please give us your opinion in regard to what the meaning of the 'abandonment of a homestead' is under the law. Suppose I have a homestead; have good improvements, such as house, line fence, trees, breaking and land under cultivation; have a team and keep a man working and improving the land; my business is away from the claim, and I cannot attend to it and live on the claim all the time; I move on the claim, establish a residence, live there, say a month or six weeks, and then take my family and move back to my business. I do not remain away from the claim more than five months at any time. Can I hold it, or not?"—Under the strict interpretation of the Homestead act you cannot hold a homestead unless you make it your home. It is presumed that a man has but one home, and that is on the homestead. We cannot of course give authoritative interpretation to the law. The decision of the proper officers of the General Land Office, that are before us, carry out this view. If there are nice points in the case, submit the matter to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

JOCKEY, Ottawa, Ill., asks: "Is there a paper published that gives the eastern market of heavy horses? (Boston or New York.) If so, what is it and where published?"—We know of no paper making more of a specialty of the horse markets than do the New York and Boston dailies. Any of the New York dailies, *Times*, *Tribune*, *World*, *Sun*, or *Herald* will give you all the information obtainable, in their market reports, &c.

B. F. RANDALL, Burlingame, Kansas, writes: "I saw in some paper (I expect the BLADE) that there was a paper published in T—— by a colored editor who was formerly a slave, and one feature of the paper was advertising for friends that had been sold and parted from one another. Can you tell us anything definite about it; where published and by whom? There are a good many black people in this vicinity who have had mothers, sisters, brothers and children sold from them in days bygone, and they are seeking some channel by which to hear from their, may be, forever lost friends.—We can give no definite information in regard to the paper.

J. BOURNER Jr., Homer, Ohio.—The coins you mentioned (one cent pieces) would sell for more than their value simply as curiosities. The years 1857 and 1858 are to recent to make coins of that date valuable as curiosities. No person that we know is purchasing such and there is no fixed price. You must take your curiosities and make your own bargains. You might meet a thousand people who would not pay you more than cent for cent to one who would purchase as a curiosity.

SUE B. THOMAS, Lynn, Randolph county, Ind., writes:—"We have heard from the pulpit that there was no rain from the creation of the world till the flood. We would like to have your views that subject."—We incline to the opinion that there was rain before the flood. We never "heard from the pulpit" that there was not any.

COMFORT TYLER, Nottawa, Michigan.—The Erie Canal was completed in 1825. The canal was suggested by Gov. Morris in 1800. A partial survey was made by James Geddes in 1808. De-Witt Clinton soon after investigated the matter and gave the project his influence. The canal was commenced in 1817. The law authorizing the work having been passed in 1816. The ground was broken July 4, 1817 by Gov. Clinton, the great champion of the work. DeWitt Clinton was first elected Governor in the summer of 1816 by an almost unanimous vote. This was to supply the vacancy caused by the resignation of Daniel S. Tomokins, elected Vice President of the United States. In 1810 Mr. Tompkins was the opposing candidate. In 1825, DeWitt Clinton proclaimed the completion of the Erie canal, and celebrated the completion by a journey along the entire length.

R. R., writes:—"I will say before commencing to ask questions that I read both the BLADE and *Farm Journal* and it may be that the information that I ask for has been given in former numbers, but please repeat, if so:

1. Can one man go west this fall and take homesteads for himself and two or three other fellow soldiers and come back here after so doing, and all remain here until spring before they go on to their land to commence improvement? 2. To whom in the State Nebraska or to what officer in any State must I write for information as to the Government land in said State? 3. In case a woman has taken a homestead and soon after so doing finds a man that suits her and they are married, he being a homesteader too, can they both after marrying, perfect titles to their lands?"—1. No, under the late decision of the Land Office Department every homesteader must make personal application at the office in the district in which the land is located. 2. Write to the Register of the Land Office in the district in which the land is located about which you desire information.—There are Land Offices in Nebraska at West Point, Beatrice, Lincoln, Dakota City and Grand Island.

In Kansas, the land offices are at Topeka, Junction City and Humboldt. In Minnesota at DeLuth, Litchfield, and Alexander.

3. If the two after marriage continue each to occupy the homestead entered, they can hold the two, and perfect titles.

SUBSCRIBER asks: "1. Can steel be casted? That is, can it be casted like cast iron. I have have heard that there were cast steel plows. 2. Which is the best literary paper published for the price. 3. Where is ex-Secretary Seward."—Steel is, as you are aware, iron with a certain per cent. of carbon. The process is to cast iron into steel. That is, the metal when the operation commences is iron but at the conclusion is cast steel. 2. The TOLEDO BLADE. 3. Ex-Secretary Seward is now at home.

CYRUS RUSH, Owaneco, Ill., writes:—"I wish to know if the story on first page ("The Wife's Presentiment," &c.) of last week's paper (Sept. 14th) is true, or is it mere fiction? If true, please give evidence sufficient to convince moderate skeptics. Does the abolition of capital punishment seem to work well in the States where it has been tried, and are its old advocates as certain as ever that it is the right principle? Is "Main Reid," the author, an Englishman?"—The sketch referred to will come under the head of fiction. 2. The old question of the abolition of capital punishment stands about as it has stood for years. The advocates are quite certain that the experience of the last few years goes to prove that the principal is the right one, while the opposers draw other conclusions. The abolition of capital punishment in Michigan and other States has not tended to decrease the number of murders that follow sometimes a burglary, rape, &c., or in other words, the system has not worked satisfactorily. Maine Reid, the author, is an Englishman, but is now a resident of the United States.

MRS. C. HOLMBERRY, Kansas.—We do not know of any physician that would undertake what you ask him to do.

C. P. HARROUN, Clermont county, Ohio, writes: "Will you please inform me, through the BLADE, whether there is any class of United States bonds payable in greenbacks, either as principal or interest? If there are any such, to what class or classes do they belong?"—There are no United States bonds payable in greenbacks.

FR. PHILLIPS, Bell Center, Wisconsin.—We have no clubbing arrangements with publications that are not named in the list published. The colors named are not distinguishing marks of any particular breed of cattle.

JOSEPHUS FELLY, Milford, Michigan.—Your best guide in selling rags is the market reports in the daily papers. Write to any of the manufacturers of paper advertised in the BLADE.

W. S. BROWN, Youngsville, Pa.—Address the paper at New York city. Your hand writing is not good.

CHAS. CARE, Troy, Pa.—Too many people are willing about "Betsey and I are Out" for your verses to be popular. People are content to leave the two out people in the hands of Mr. Carleton.

M. J. ROWER, Bourbon, Ind., writes:—"Is it perfectly right, and exactly allowable on all and every occasion, whenever a lady signs her name to any miscellaneous paper, to add the prefix 'Miss,' or 'Mrs.' to her name, any more than it is for a gentleman to write 'Mr.' before his name, or does it not look a little 'snobbish' (?) to see this written before her name, invariably? 2. Is it correct for a lady physician to add 'Mrs. Dr.' to her name, when signing it to any or all papers.—3. Is it proper to write to a clergyman, and address 'Rev. Mr.' as is frequently noticed in the papers? 4. Is it legal for a lady, after a decree of divorce, to adopt her mother's maiden name as her own, instead of her father's, or her late husbands name, and if she were to take her mother's maiden name, and be known by that name for years, and then marry a second time, and under that mother's maiden name, would the marriage be lawful in every respect, and could property be thus inherited from her parents upon their death, and could her children from last marriage inherit property in every respect, as if she had married under her own maiden name, or by the name she received when first married?"—The prefix "Miss" would not be just the thing, although in some cases it would be allowable and necessary to distinguish the married from the unmarried lady.—We present the following for the consideration of our correspondent: Mrs. Jane Smith has a daughter of woman's age, named Jane Smith. In signing documents, how will you distinguish the Miss from the mother. The lady is more excusable for using the prefix than the gentleman. 2.—The prefix "Mrs. Dr." as a part of a signature, is in much the same catalogue as the above. We, as a people, have not exactly determined how a lady and a physician shall designate herself, but if she holds a diploma, she is an M. D., and we incline to the opinion that she should write her name as any other regular physician would. 3. If you do not know the given name of the clergyman, yes. It is better to say Rev. Mr. Banks than to say Rev. Banks. 4. The Court fixes the name of the woman on divorce, and very often in accordance with her application. If the name is assumed under direction of the court, it is her legal name. The law of inheritance has been fully explained in this column.

H., Shiloh, Ohio, asks:—What is the fastest time ever made by any horse. Could Dexter make better time than his record, if allowed to run.—The fastest running time was made by Lexington in 1855, 4 miles in 7 minutes and 19¾ seconds. Longfellow has made two miles in 3 minutes and 33 seconds.

The fastest trotting time was made by Goldsmith Maid the present season, a mile in 2 minutes and 17 seconds. Dexter made the mile in 2 minutes ann 17¾ seconds. Flora Temple's best time was 2 minutes 19¾ seconds.

In a race against Ethan Allen and running mate Dexter made the first mile in 2:17 and the second in 2:18. He was beaten by Ethan Allen and running mate and so has no record of this time. The first mile was made by Ethan Allen and mate in 2:15 and the second in 2:16. A running mate it must be understood is of great assistance to a trotting horse. Ethan Allen's best time single does not approach Dexter's time.

Dexter, it is said, has made better time in private than in public, and it is claimed that he can beat his recorded time or 2:17¾.

# Chicago.

### The Latest Particulars—The Fire Stayed—Relief for the Sufferers.

CHICAGO, October 9.—No one can now tell, perhaps no one can ever tell how many, but some are known to have perished, and there is a heartsickening fear that the victims of the fiery monster may be counted by scores. Hundreds of horses and cows have been burned in stables, and on the north side numbers, though released from confinement, bewildered and confused by the sea of fire which surrounded them, rushed wildly to and fro, uttering cries of fright and pain until scorched and killed.

It is imposible now to give even an approximately correct statement of losses, but a faint idea may be formed when it is stated that every bank in the city, except two small savings institutions, one on 22d street in the south division, and one on Randolph street in the west, is destroyed; all wholesale stores and all large retail establishments; the Post Office, Court House, Chamber of Commerce, every hotel in the south division except the Michigan Hotel, which, standing in the extreme southern limit of the fire, escaped, though badly scorched; every newspaper office, the Tribune building having finally succumbed; every theatre; six of the largest elevators; the immense depots of the Michigan Southern and Illinios Central railroads, both passenger and freight depots of the latter; more than a score of churches and much of the shipping in the river.

Men who were millionaires yesterday morning are nearly penniless to-day. But more terrible than all, is that many human beings have found a fiery grave. How many no one can now tell—perhaps no one can ever tell—but some are known to have perished, and there is fear that the victims may be counted by scores.

Any attempts at a description of the scenes at this appalling calamity would be idle. The simple fact that the once great city of Chicago is destroyed—that hundreds of millions of her active capital have vanished, and that nearly one third of her inhabitants are homeless dependents, is enough. Any attempt to embellish this would be but mockery. As this awful day draws to a close, thousands of anxious eyes watch the dense clouds of smoke which still roll over the burnt district, with evident dread that a sudden change of the wind may turn the flames upon the portion of the city yet spared. There seems, however, little cause for that apprehension, and reinforcements of firemen from other cities are constantly arriving.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9, 6 P. M.—The progressing flames in the South Division were finally arrested about one o'clock P. M. This was accomplished by the blowing up and demolishing of several buildings on Wabash avenue and Congress street, by Lieutenant Gen. Sheridan.

The district burned over in the South Division embraces everything from the main branch of the Chicago river to the lake, embracing about one hundred blocks, and this district contained all the leading business houses, the banks, insurance offices, hotels, etc., a large number of churches, including St. Mary's Catholic, Trinity, First Presbyterian, Second Presbyterian, St. Paul's Swedenborgian, etc. The Methodist church on the corner of Wabash avenue and Congress street, is saved. The Michigan Avenue Hotel, corner of Michigan avenue and Congress street, and Congress Hall, are saved. Michigan Terrace, embracing the residences of Lieutenant Governor Bross, Hon. John Scammon, S. C. Briggs, Peter L. Ross, and other leading citizens, are completely destroyed, with the furniture and nearly all other contents.

All the newspaper establishments are totally wiped out. The Tribune building resisted the fire for several hours, but finally yielded, when McVicker's theatre, immediately adjoining, which had also withstood the raging element, finally succumbed. In fact all the buildings in the district which was claimed to be fire proof, shared the fate of those which could make no such claim. The great Central depot, foot of Lake street, became a heap of ruins at 9 o'clock. Most of the passenger cars of the Michigan Central, Burlington & Quincy and Illinois Central, were moved on the breakwater and saved.

West of Clark street, in the South Division, the fire extended south as far as Polk street, sweeping everything before it. The distance burned over here is some three blocks wide and over half a mile in length, numbering about twenty blocks. The buildings were generally of the cheaper character, embracing saloons, small shops, poor residences, etc.

The district burned over on the West Side commences at Taylor street, running from De Kaver to Jefferson, thence four or five blocks north, and then moved diagonally towards the river, and finally the west line was established on Clinton street, and reaching thence to the river. It moved in this line northward until it reached the Northwestern West Side depots, where it stopped, a distance of nearly two miles from where it started. The P. F. W. & C. and the Chicago & St. Louis depots were in this territory. Both passenger and freight depots were in this district and are wiped out. Almost the entire northern division from the main branch of the Chicago River to Lincoln Park, nearly two miles in length and one mile wide, is completely destroyed, including the Water Works, a large number of elegant churches, etc. This statement embraces almost the entire business portion of the city south of Harrison street.

The South Division, reaching out many miles, and covered almost entirely with dwellings composed largely of the more elegant class, is untouched and may now be regarded as safe from injury. For miles and miles in every direction, the sidewalks, lawns, vacant lots and front yards of dwellings, are filled with people who have escaped from their burning dwellings, taking with them only a scanty amount of furniture and clothing. They must receive immediate relief, or many from exposure and starvation will perish.

As stated in my previous dispatch, it is utterly impossible to make an approximate estimate of the entire loss, but it can scarcely fall below one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Of course, but a fraction of this amount can be realized from the insurance.

Evidence is accumulating hourly that the loss of life is greater than we have ventured to estimate in these dispatches, and there are a great number of persons still searching for the missing members of families, which confirm the statement.

There are many of these missing ones gathered at the relief headquarters at the Congregational Church on Washington street, where affecting incidents are constantly occurring. A Swedish mother found there all safe and neatly clothed five little children. At first she fainted and was led away, then recovering she embraced her rescued darlings with fervor, such as only belongs to a mother.

Last evening, a German father who is able to speak only the most broken English, was conducted to a room where he found his four children. He raved for joy, and lifting up very tenderly the youngest, an infant, lying asleep on a lounge, he kissed it again and again, and said, "Komt es home zu mutter." Then seeing it was wrapped in a horse blanket, he commenced it. The Superintendent told him he could keep it. This generosity was more than he could understand, and he insisted upon returning it. Similar scenes are of hourly occurrence, but alas, many have searched and will search in vain for their missing loved ones.

To give a list of all the cities, towns and villages in the country which, without waiting for requests, have forwarded bountiful supplies of provision, blankets and clothing to the sufferers, it would be necessary to furnish a complete gazetteer of the United States.

The Chicago *Evening Journal* of Thursday evening contradicts the reports of alleged incendiarism and the hanging and shooting of persons caught in the act of setting fire to buildings. The *Journal* says: "The municipal and military authorities are united in their assurances that the degree of order and the freedom from crime and lawlessness are as remarkable as gratifying, under the peculiar circumstances. And they further assure us that the reports of attempted incendiarism, shootings, hangings, etc., are, on careful investigation, found to be utterly and wickedly false. No case of actual attempt at incendiarism since the fire, or shooting or hanging, has yet occurred, to the knowledge of the authorities, who feel encouraged by the general disposition of the community to preserve order and co-operate for the relief of the suffering and the preservation of order.

The Journal also reports that the bank vaults opened so far are "all right." Depositors must not expect full payment at once, but will be fully paid in time. The banks must retain currency enough to "carry" the business interests of the city and its general commerce. They will open and resume as soon as possible, and are already securing temporary locations in the unburnt part of the South Side and in the West Division. All of them expect to rebuild as soon as the ruins can be removed from their former locations. Their correspondents both East and West, are disposed to be very accommodating, to help them out of all trouble.

CHICAGO, Oct. 10—6 P. M.—The following proclamation is just furnished to the Associated Press: "The Mayor of Chicago is happy to announce that the city remains quiet and peaceable. There is no lawlessness, incendiarism or riotous conduct; order reigns supreme, and life and property are as secure as before the burning of the city. The city government in all its departments is now in full and complete operation. None of our inhabitants are without shelter of some kind. Food to relieve present necessities has flowed in upon us in abundance from all quarters; but a long winter is before us, and we shall need all the aid that sympathizing humanity can render us. Such an exhibition of sympathy and generous aid as has been called forth by our great calamity, has never been equaled in the history of the world. It has cheered and encouraged our citizens. Business has largely been resumed; houses are springing up in all parts of the 2 000 acres of ruins; many prominent buildings are being erected, and the noted energy of our citizens is being everywhere displayed. In the name of our citizens, I tender heartfelt thanks to all who have so nobly and generously sympathized with and aided us in our great distress."

Gen. Stager is importing provisions for the use of telegraph operators who have been burned out, to prevent their being imposed on by extortionate dealers.

It has been ascertained from official reports that 50,000,000 feet of lumber were destroyed, and that 24,000,000 feet are still on hand.

To day $100,000 was subscribed towards re-building the Chamber of Commerce on the site of its ruins, and work will be commenced at once.

The wholesale provision dealers, wholesale flour dealers and wholesale lumber dealers refuse to take advantage of the situation, but continue to sell their goods at old prices. The same is true of the coal dealers who have any stock left.

Temporary buildings are being built in every direction, and by Saturday night there will be hundreds ready for occupation.

The Underwriters estimate that the total amount of insurance on the burnt district is between $100,000,000 and $120,000,000.

General Sheridan makes a request to the people of the country to dissuade those who are anxious to visit Chicago from mere curiosity, from coming. Thousands of this class are here now thronging the streets, without shelter or accommodation, and who must be fed and cared for the same as the sufferers.

The city is orderly and tranquil. The hungry are fed, the naked are clothed, and the churches and public buildings of the West side give shelter to the homeless. The railways convey to their friends all who desire to go. The people devoutly trust that the severest stress and panic is over.

G. W. Wood, Assistant Superintendent of Postal Service, has issued the following order to all postmasters, clerks and route agents: "Make up no mails for distribution in Chicago. Send only Chicago city mail. Throw all such into the postal cars and larger offices for distribution."

The General Masonic Relief Committee of Chicago have published the following order to the Masonic fraternity:

"Our brethren need money, clothing and bedding. Consignments and remittances made to D. C. Cregier, Masonic Temple, Chicago, will be received and dispensed through our organization."

Governor Palmer has called the Legislature together at Springfield on the 13th. A committee from the city will go down to suggest measures of relief.

## THE GREAT FIRES.

### The Conflagration in Minnesota Still Burning and Destroying—Thrilling Narratives of Adventures With the Fiery Elements.

[From the St. Paul Press, Oct. 5th.]

All day the heavy veil of smoke from the burning prairies and timber in the western portion of the State hung over the city, and if further evidence were required to prove the existence of a wide-spread and devastating conflagration, it could be found in the thickly falling cinders which were borne by the winds from the distant woods and prairies. At several points throughout the city, the sidewalks were blackened by these silent messengers from the scene of the great fire or great calamity. Every group of men assembled upon the streets discussed its duration and damage, or hoped for the rain which alone seems capable of impeding its march or stopping its ravages.

From gentlemen who arrived on the 5:15 train last evening, the gratifying information is obtained that while the damage already inflicted is very large it has not been so general as had been supposed. This unexpected immunity may be attributed to the precautions of the settlers, in either plowing around their premises or starting a system of "back-fires" when information of the approaching danger was first received. But in spite of every precaution or effort the total loss will be a sad record, and one which falls with crushing weight upon many who have built homes upon the frontier, only to see everything swept away at a touch from the leaping, blasting flames.

ALONG THE LINE OF THE RAILROAD.

Conductor Guthrie states that his train came through without difficulty, but fires were still raging in the peat beds from Breckinridge to the Big Woods. The main fire had swept on to the south, and beyond the observation of those traveling on that line of road, but the evidences of its visit are found everywhere along the route in the blackened fields of flaming marshes.

Approaching the Big Woods, the conflagration is discovered to be under full headway, but making slower progress than upon the prairies, owing to the greater moisture and the leaves. Near Smith Lake station, and west of Howard Lake, it is raging fiercely. Several houses in the vicinity of Dassel station, have been burned, and here has occurred the only loss of human life so far as has been ascertained, the particulars of which are given in the letter of a correspondent published below. Last evening the fire had reached a point this side of Waverly only forty-nine miles distant from St. Paul.

IN M'LEOD COUNTY.

J. B. Atkinson, Esq., of Forest City, arrived last evening, and furnished interesting particulars. He says it appears like fire everywhere through the Big Woods as far down as Waverly. The damage sustained by the people of McLeod county is much less than any one would suppose. The ground in some places (probably at peat marshes) has burned down to a depth of five feet, and the fire seems still bound for "Oil or China."

FROM SIBLEY COUNTY TO HUTCHINSON.

Smoke, smoke, smoke. My eyes are most out! What a day we have had. I have just arrived from Mankato, where I attended the Methodist conference. To-day our company passed through fire and smoke, even to thick blackness, in some places. The whole prairie for miles was in flames at different points along our route. At New Auburn the people were plowing around the town to stop the progress of the raging element. And well they ought, for everything is so dry that the ground itself in some of the marshes was on fire hours after the grass had burned.

At several places through the country between here and Mankato, men have lost their hay and some their grain. Although several miles from Glencoe, on the Hutchinson and Glencoe road, we saw (too late to help any one) the house of Mr. McFadden burning with its contents, also stacks of grain, stables, bins of grain, farm machinery, wood piles and fences. He has lost, probably, over a thousand dollars. Fortunately, his new house, nearly finished, and a few stacks near it, escaped the ravages of the devouring flames. Near the same place we found a bridge over a ravine on fire. We patriotically tore off the planks so as to save them, but there being no water, we could not put out the fire in the log abutment.

About two or three miles east of this place, Mr. William Shultz lost some four or five hundred bushels of grain. I fear as we go still further Northwest, we shall find further deplorable results, as the wind from that direction comes driving furiously, freighted with smoke and smell of burning vegetation.

DEATH FROM SUFFOCATION.

Another correspondent furnishes interesting particulars in the following communication written yesterday on board the down train:

"Fires are still raging in the Big Woods. All the prairie country between Breckinridge and Darwin seems a mass of cinders and ashes. A thick smoke hangs over the whole country. Most of the farmers have taken proper precaution and have saved their stacks, buildings, etc., though many have lost their all. At every station we hear of the loss of stacks of grain, miles of fences, and horses and cattle. At Litchfield and other stations, telegrams are received hourly from frightened wives whose homes are in the Big Woods, to husbands who are away at work on the road 'to come home; the flames are nearing the house.'

"At Dassel we hear that last night a Swede by the name of Connenut was wakened in the night by the flames, saved his wife and two children, and, in trying to save a part of his little furniture, was overcome by the smoke and flames and perished in the ruins of his home. All pray for rain, and unless a kind Providence should vouchsafe to send them a bountiful supply soon it really seems as though the country was undone.

J. B. A."

Fort Abercrombie narrowly escaped destruction by fire a few days ago. A prairie fire was discovered sinking its way toward the fort with wonderful rapidity, and the entire garrison was ordered out and armed with blankets, the men fought it off and saved the buildings, hay and wood. There were 900 tons of hay and 800 or 900 cords of wood near the fort. This was all saved.

### The Fires in Michigan—Manistee Nearly Destroyed—Fire in Windsor, Ont.

DETROIT, Oct. 12.—News is just received that the greater portion of the city of Manistee has been destroyed by fire. Manistee is on the east coast of Lake Michigan, a place of 4,000 inhabitants, and one of the greatest lumber producing towns in the State. There is no telegraph within thirty miles of it.

The Pessenden reached Port Huron this morning with seventeen more refugees from the Lake Shore, two of them fatally burned. Port Austin has escaped the flames so far.

### Awful Fires in Wisconsin—400 Persons Burned to Death.

CHICAGO, Oct 12.—A message is just received from Green Bay stating that a steamer had just arrived, bringing the report that three hundred and twenty-six people were burned at Peshtigo last night, and as many more are missing. Seventy-five persons were burned to death at Little Sturgeon Bay. The suffering throughout the north is terrible, and with the exception of the loss of property, is almost as appalling as the burning of Chicago.

One hundred and fifty women were burned to death in a large barn, in which they had taken refuge. Hundreds of people were driven by the flames into the river, where most of them perished.

A later dispatch from the same place states that on Sunday night about nine o'clock, a fire broke out in the Belgian settlement of Brussels, Door county, destroying one hundred and eighty houses, and all but five the place contained. Nine persons are missing, and are supposed to have perished. The inhabitants lost everything, and, stunned by their losses, are camped upon their desolated homesteads, destitute of everything. Active measures for their relief are being taken at Duluth and other places, but before assistance can reach them they must suffer severely.

### The Michigan Fires—Full Particulars.

DETROIT, Oct. 14.—The news which has been received to-day confirms the previous reports as to the wide-spread devastation inflicted by the fires in various parts of the State. From Port Huron to Point aux Barques, the shore is almost deserted, the inhabitants being burned out and obliged to flee for their lives, saving nothing. Particulars of the Holland and Manistee conflagrations give a more disastrous aspect than the first reports.

All the energies of the people of this city are now directed to aiding the sufferers in our own State, and contributions of money, provisions and clothing are being made. The Detroit Press Company to-day sent to the Committee their check for $500, and the employees of the same office have contributed nearly $100 more. Senator Chandler and E. B. Ward each contribute $1,000, and the employes of the Tribune over $100. The Central Relief Committee sent a special agent to Manistee with $5,000 worth of supplies and $1,000 cash. Also an agent to Port Huron with clothing and supplies. The committee has established a central depot for the reception of clothing provisions, &c., and are receiving liberal contributions. Collections are to be taken in all the churches to-morrow in aid of the Michigan sufferers. In most of the cities throughout the State, relief committees have been formed and the good work is being pushed with energy. An immense sum of ready money must be raised to enable the destitute farmers and others to rebuild, and purchase necesary tools and stock. The following is received from the Grand Rapids, Mich., Relief Committee:

"The Manistee Relief Committee of Grand Rapids, congratulate the noble people of Detroit for their car loads of contributions, which arrived at Grand Haven this evening. Lansing also responds with a car load of flour and provisions."

Gen. Cutcheon, of Manistee, with his wife and children, have just arrived here. He is bereft of house, furniture, books, papers, and every memento of his past life, and all the clothing left to him is that now worn by himself and family. The great multitude at Manistee is in the same condition, without shelter, bedding, clothing or food. Gen. Cutcheon says there are one thousand people who need immediate help. He wishes to say to the people of Michigan that when the people of Manistee heard of the Chicago calamity, they were in despair, but he has just heard of the generous response for Manistee, and feels as if there was yet something to live for. He advises the people to send solid uncooked food, such as flour, meats and groceries; next, send beds for women and children; next, send winter clothing for women and children. Hundreds of women only escaped in their night clothes, with their children in their arms, and these want clothing. It must be remembered that Manistee is away from a farming community, or from farmers' supplies. She is also without railroad connection, and consequently her case is not only a needy one, but also perilous. Luckily a government vessel is at hand, with an able and brave sailor in charge, to convey contributions from Grand Haven.

At Manistee there is an efficient committee organized, with Dr. Ellis at its head, a prudent and energetic man. At Grand Haven, Hon T. W. Ferry is in charge. The people of the State may rest assured that their contributions will be faithfully and judiciously applied. The railroads carry all relief for Manistee free of expense. Consign every package to Senator Ferry, and mark it "Manistee relief." At Grand Haven, everything will be packed securely in a warehouse until shipped. They want at Manistee, carpenters' tools; everything was burned. They have plenty of lumber, and with tools, nails and glass, can soon erect shanties.

### The Peshtigo Fire—Three Quarters of the Population Killed or Wounded.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 15.—Later accounts from Northern Wisconsin confirm all previous reports, and rumors are that the loss of life in the neighborhood of the burned village of Peshtigo, will reach over twelve hundred, and fifteen per cent. of those injured cannot recover. The fire tornado was heard at a distance, like the roaring of the sea. Balls of fire were soon observed to fall like meteors in different parts of the town, igniting whatever they touched. People rushed with their children in their arms, for a place of safety, but the storm of fire was upon them and enveloped them in flames, smoke, burning sand and cinders, and those unable to reach the river were suffocated and roasted alive. This terrible scene happened on Sunday night, the 8th of October, already made famous by the Chicago horror.

A member of the relief Committee sent from Milwaukee with supplies, says the only survivors were those who were fortunate enough to reach the water, many throwing themselves into the mill pond and clinging to floating logs. A number of these were drowned by being thrown from the logs by maddened horses and cattle that rushed into the water. The fiery cyclone swept over a track of country eight or ten miles wide. Every building and fence, and all the timber was licked up clean by the tongue of fire.

The town of Peshtigo numbered 2,000 inhabitants, one third of whom perished on that fearful night. Reports from the east shore of Green Bay place the loss of life fully as high as at Peshtigo. The same account states that the immediate wants of the people are supplied, but large amounts of provisions and clothing will be required for the coming winter. Mayor Ludington, of Milwaukee, publishes the following appeal for aid:

"The calamities that have befallen our State and some of our neighboring States are truly appalling. Over 1,500 men, women and children have been burned to death in Wisconsin alone. Their houses and farms are to a large extent entirely destroyed, the very soil having been burned and destroyed, with all their autumn and root crops. They are utterly destitute, and will require full support at least till another season. Seven counties in our own State are thus in great part utterly desolated. Whole regions of country in Western Michigan are in the same condition, and these fires are still raging and destroying. Milwaukee is doing all she can do. By her close neighborhood to Chicago she was enabled to send large quantities of supplies into that devastated city during the progress of the fire, feeding her firemen and the exhausted citizens. A vast number of Chicago sufferers are now filling our houses and public buildings, and we are ministering to their necessities. We have supplied hundreds of tons of provisions, clothing and stores, and other needful articles to Chicago, Northern Wisconsin and to Western Michigan. We are doing our utmost, but the amount of suffering in our own State is beyond our power alone to assuage. We appeal to the public for aid. We will be the dispensers of supplies to the sufferers in Wisconsin and Western Michigan. We have made every necessary arrangement to accomplish these purposes with economy and effect. All contributions in money may be sent to Alexander Mitchell, banker; all contributions of food, clothing, bedding and other necessary supplies may be directed to Harrison Luddington, Mayor."

DETROIT, Oct. 13.—Full particulars of the burning of Manistee on Sunday night are received. About 10 o'clock the fire engine gave out, after which the flames ravaged without resistance the helpless town, the wind blowing a gale all night. The loss is estimated at nearly $1,000,000, on which there is but $80,000 insurance.

The sufferings of the people are beyond description, Manistee being so far beyond immediate communication that considerable time passed before their wants could be made known. The people of Grand Rapids and Grand Haven promptly supplied the immediate necessities, and Senator Ferry and the Mayor of Grand Rapids have issued an earnest appeal to the people of the whole State for aid. They say: "The latest news from Manistee more than confirms previous reports of the suffering there. The necessities of the people are imperative; they need immediately flour, meat and clothing. Direct all supplies to Senator Ferry, Grand Haven. A government vessel will convey all contributions from Grand Haven to Manistee."

JANESVILLE, Wis., Oct. 13.—Governor Fairchild has telegraphed the following relative to the Wisconsin fires:

"The appalling calamity has not been exaggerated. Over 3,000 men, women and children are now destitute. The loss of life has been very great; not less than 500 persons have been burned at Peshtigo and vicinity, and 300 on the eastern shore. Scores of men, women and little children are now in temporary hospitals, burned and maimed. Wanted, money, clothing, bedding, boots, shoes, provisions of all kinds, not cooked, building materials, and everything needed by a family to commence life with. The people are responding nobly, but there is no danger of too much being received. The destitute must be provided for during the winter."

# The Markets.

### New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16 1871.

Cotton dull; middling uplands 20½c. Flour quiet and weak; receipts 17,000 bbls; superfine, western and State $5 40@6 80; common to good extra $6 85@7 20; good to choice $7 15@7 65; white western extra $7 65@7 90; Ohio extras $7 95@7 65; St. Louis $7 35@9 25. Rye Flour and Corn Meal unchanged. Whiskey firmer at 95@95½c. Wheat dull and drooping; receipts 34,000 bu; No 2 spring at 150@155c; winter red western 158@160c; amber Michigan 163@167c; white Michigan 168@174c; Duluth sample 158c — Rye, Barley and Malt quiet. Corn opened firm but closed dull; receipts 161,000 bu western mixed in store 76½@77c; afloat 78½c; yellow 79c. Oats dull and drooping; receipts 18,000 bu western and Ohio at 53@53½c. Hay and Hops firm. Coffee firm; Rio 16½@19c. Sugar steady; fair to good refining 9¾@9¾c; Cuba 9@9¼c. Molasses dull but unchanged. Rice 8@8½c. Petroleum —Crude 14½c; refined 28½c. Total Stock of Grain—wheat, 863,000 bu; corn, 268,000 bu; oats, 1,715,000 bu; rye, 154,000 bu; barley, 72,000 bu; malt, 171,000 bu; peas, 15,000 bu. Provisions—Pork heavy; mess, $18 12½@18 25; prime, $10 25; prime mess, $11 50, and seller November at $13 87; seller January at $15 95. Beef and Cut Meats unchanged. Middles firm; long clear 9½c. Lard steady; No 1 to steam, 9½@10c; kettle dried 10½c. Butter dull; western 10@20c; State 15@30c. Cheese heavy at 11@13c.

### Government Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16

Sterling Exchange 108¾.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Coupons of '81 | 116¾ | Coup's of '67 | 112¾ |
| do of '62 | 114¾ | do of '68 | 113¾ |
| do of '64 | 113¾ | 10-40s | 109¾ |
| do of '65 | 114¾ | Currencies | 113¾ |
| do new | 112¾ | Gold | 120¾ |

### Toledo Produce Market.

TUESDAY MORNING, Oct 17.

Flour—The market is inactive and transactions light. Prices are rather firm and 25c higher. We quote: Fine, $4 50@5 00; Superfine, $5 00; Extra, $5 50@6; XX and Fancy, 6 50@7 50; Buckwheat, $5; Rye, $4 75@5 00. The Wheat market has evinced extremes of dullness and activity during the past week, and rather firm on last evening at the following quotations: Amber Michigan 148c for spot and seller October, and 149c for seller November. No 1 White Michigan nominally 156c; No 2 White Wabash 150c; No 3 do 150c; No 1 Red dull at 146c; No 2 Red steady at 142½c spot and seller October. Other grades of Red Wheat nominal. Amber Illinois dull at 150c for No 1 and 145c for No 3. Corn firm and active; High mixed 66c, Low mixed 66c, White 67c, Yellow 65c; No Grade nominal; light sales of new high and low mixed at 50@51c; other grades nominal. Oats quiet and steady; 39c for No 1, 37½c for No 2, and 35c for Michigan. Rye quiet and lower. No 1 nominally 75c, No 2 72c. Seed quiet. Clover $5 80. Flax seed $1 70. Timothy $2 70@2 75. Potatoes 50@60c per bushel. Apples $1 75@5 00 per bbl. Butter 18@22c for fresh. Eggs 23c. Mill Feed steady at $19@20 for bran, $20@22 for shorts, and $27@30 for middlings.

### Louisville Market.

Oct. 16th, 1871.

Bagging in light order demand; round lots of hemp and flax at 16½@18c. Cotton quiet and steady; middlings; 19½c. Flour in fair demand; market firm; extra family $6 50. Grain receipts and supply light but firm. Wheat 140@150c for red and white. Corn; ear and shelled at 50@55c. Oats 35c. Rye 75c. Provisions—the demand is only moderate, chiefly on orders. Mess Pork $18 50 in round lots. Bacon a fraction lower, shoulders 7½c; clear rib sides 8½c; clear sides 8½c. Packed Hams firm; sugar cured 10½c; no plain in market. Lard at 9½@10c. Whiskey firmer at 91c.

### Detroit Market.

Oct. 16, 1871.

Wheat steady with moderate demand; extra 1.20c, No 1 white 154c; amber 148c.

### Cleveland Market.

October 16.

Flour dull but unchanged. Wheat in full demand but lower; sales at 2c lower; No 1 red winter 145c, No 2 red winter 141c. Corn dull, but unchanged. Oats dull and prices are a shade lower at 36c. Petroleum steady and unchanged.

### Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 16

Cotton quiet and unchanged; low middling 19c. Flour quiet and weak; family $6 75@7. Wheat in fair request and unchanged at 150@155c. Corn steady with moderate demand; ear 55c; shelled 54@55c. Rye scarce and firm at 80@82c. Oats—demand fair and market firm at 37@40c. Barley quiet and unchanged at 70@85c. Coffee—demand fair and market firm; prime 20@22c. Sugar quiet and unchanged. Oils unchanged. Provisions—demand fair; market firm at 25c. Butter and cheese unchanged and steady. Pork dull and prices nominal; $18 asked. Lard dull and prices have declined; sales of kettle rendered at 9½c; current make held at 9½c. Bulk meats in fair demand; shoulders nominally 7½c, sides 8½c, clear rib sold at 9½c; packed and clear at 8c; packed in the small way closing nominal. Bacon dull and prices drooping; shoulders 8½c, sides 9½@9½c; purchases of any magnitude cannot be made at these quotations; neither could large sales be made at these figures. Whiskey steady with a moderate demand at 91c.

### Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—The total number at Beeves were 4,003, of which 4,000 were on sale to-day. There were 150 cars at Forty-third street, 11 at Communipaw, 39 at Weehawken. The quality has improved and the market ruled firm, and some cases nearly 